



I also noticed an old man, with a beard, of unknown nationality. It was an aggressive square beard, and as soon as I saw it, I registered a hope that he would not turn out to be my travelling companion in the *wagon-lit*. . . . Then the train came in.

MURDER DE LUXE

By LAURENCE KIRK (Author of "Dangerous Cross Roads" and "One More River").

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK.

IT is a few odd-thousand years since the Pharaohs first began to send their slave gangs to Assouan for the black granite which they required to work into statues of their majesty. The gangs that go there now are gangs of tourists, earnestly doing the dam and the temples; and they have the choice of going either by one of Mr. Cook's excellent steamboats or by rail in the *train de luxe*, with sleeping-cars and abundant meals to save them from the boredom of their own company.

I was one of these. It was the middle of March, and so hot that I had scamped most of the sight-seeing that I ought to have done, and spent the greater part of my time lazing about in a sailing-boat on the Nile. That was a delightful occupation. However, the time had come for me to return to Cairo, and it wasn't nearly so delightful sitting in the blazing heat of the railway station at two in the afternoon, waiting for the train to come in. I had found a seat in the shade and passed the time in studying my fellow-passengers. There were plenty of them: fat Egyptians in fezes, slim brown Englishmen in grey flannels, Germans with binoculars and sun-helmets and lots of flesh, and several Americans who had apparently obtained their ideas of suitable costume for Egypt from the movies. Some of their men had actually gone so far as to dress themselves up as Bedouins, the only Bedouins I had seen since I came to Egypt; and the women, regardless of the fact that their figures made the costume unsuitable, almost invariably wore riding breeches of a brilliant hue.

I also noticed an old man, with a beard, of unknown nationality. It was an aggressive square beard, and as soon as I saw it I registered a hope that he would not turn out to be my travelling companion in the *wagon-lit*. I dislike any companions in the *wagon-lit*, but one with a beard in that heat seemed particularly objectionable. Then the train came in. Dragomen started shouting, porters began heaving boxes about, and hands were extended for baksheesh. Then, when the tumult had partially died down, and my own luggage had been put into the train, I found my carriage, and began to walk along the corridor over numerous human and other obstacles, looking for my compartment—No. 4. Here it was. . . . I looked inside, and there in the window seat which I hoped to obtain for myself was the beard already firmly established.

The venerable owner of the beard did not even look up when I came in; and, after seeing that my luggage was all in order, I sat down at the other end of the seat and began wishing that I was at the end of the journey instead of the beginning. The railway line ran along the edge of the desert, a grim, grey desert covered with loose stones, and there was nothing of interest to see out of the window, even if the view hadn't been obstructed by that abundant, flowing beard. It was, moreover, insufferably hot, and when the train began to move, volumes of dust managed to creep into the carriage, although it was impossible to let in any air. After a while I let my eye wander round to my companion's luggage. The label was upside down, but without appearing to take too much interest in the same, I managed to decipher the name, Joannides. Joannides, I thought: a Greek. And, being a Greek, he was presumably on business and not a tourist; and also, being a Greek, he was probably a good linguist. I decided to be civil. I mentioned in English that it was extremely hot, and was rewarded with a cold stare. Slightly daunted, I waited a moment, then observed in French that the heat was insupportable, and as that produced no result, I continued in my best German words to the same effect. But he was not to be drawn. He didn't even look at me, and with a sigh I picked up a book and began to read.

I read off and on for two hours, by which time I had to admit that the silent old gentleman beside me was getting on my nerves. I've never met a man who lived so entirely inwardly. He just was. External things, such as my remarks about the weather, produced no reaction in him at all. He never moved the whole time, he never looked out of the window, he didn't do anything; he didn't read, he didn't smoke, he didn't even yawn. He just was. And, in spite of this inactivity, I noticed that his little beady black eyes were intensely and unpleasantly alive, and that they entirely belied the venerable aspect created by his beard.

Tea provided a few minutes' relief to the monotony of the journey, and after tea I again settled down to read until dinner-time. It seemed to get hotter and dustier as the sun went down, and the old man at the window continued to get on my nerves. I escaped at frequent intervals into the corridor to smoke cigarettes, and tried not to look at him when I came back again. It grew dark, and at length dinner was served. My companion had not taken tea. Neither did he dine; his body as well

as his brain seemed to be nourished entirely from within. However, I dined. I dined rather well, and the train seemed to be rocking more than usual as I walked back to my carriage from the restaurant-car. There I found that Mr. Joannides had at last changed his position. He had, in fact, gone to bed. And there he was, lying in state in the lower bunk, with his eyes open and his beard flowing all over the counterpane. Now these *wagons-lits* are so arranged that, if one occupant goes to bed, there is nothing left for the other one to do except go to bed too; for there is no longer anywhere to sit. I therefore reluctantly began to undress myself, and tried not to think of those two beady little eyes that never seemed to shut. Then, having put on my pyjamas, I heaved myself and my book into the upper berth and once more began to read. I read for an hour or so; then the attendant, probably also a Greek, came in and asked if I wanted anything to drink before going to sleep.

I asked for a whisky-and-soda, a bad drink in that stifling atmosphere, but I thought it would make me sleep. He returned with it in a moment or two and I drank it off. It was bad whisky, very bad whisky, and tepid as well; and I knew as I drank it that I was going to regret it later.



I read off and on for two hours, by which time I had to admit that the silent old gentleman beside me was getting on my nerves. I've never met a man who lived so entirely inwardly.

However, I put the glass down, turned out the light, and prepared for the night's rest, such as it was. I didn't hope for much in that suffocating atmosphere.

However, almost immediately I fell into a heavy, sodden sleep. I dreamed violently and woke up with a start. My watch told me I had only slept an hour, and I lay down again. And again I dreamed. Strange beasts with the heads of Egyptian gods were pursuing me over a burning desert; then I was a slave at the building of the Great Pyramid; and, again, I was being sacrificed at the Temple of Amon. My brain must have been a mixture of bad whisky and guide-books. Then, again, at some dim hour of the early morning, I woke up, or seemed to. It was really more like the first coming-to after an anæsthetic, when one is conscious of a strange blank world around one which is yet too vague to be reality. I had a splitting headache, and felt that I couldn't breathe. Gasping for air, I leaned out over the side of my bunk, and by accident looked down. The compartment was filled with a strange blue light which seemed to be coming from outside, and I saw my companion lying just as I had last seen him, with his eyes open. But there was a new expression in his eyes. . . . a new. . . . Suddenly I saw it. The

[Continued overleaf.]

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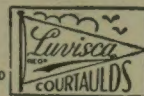
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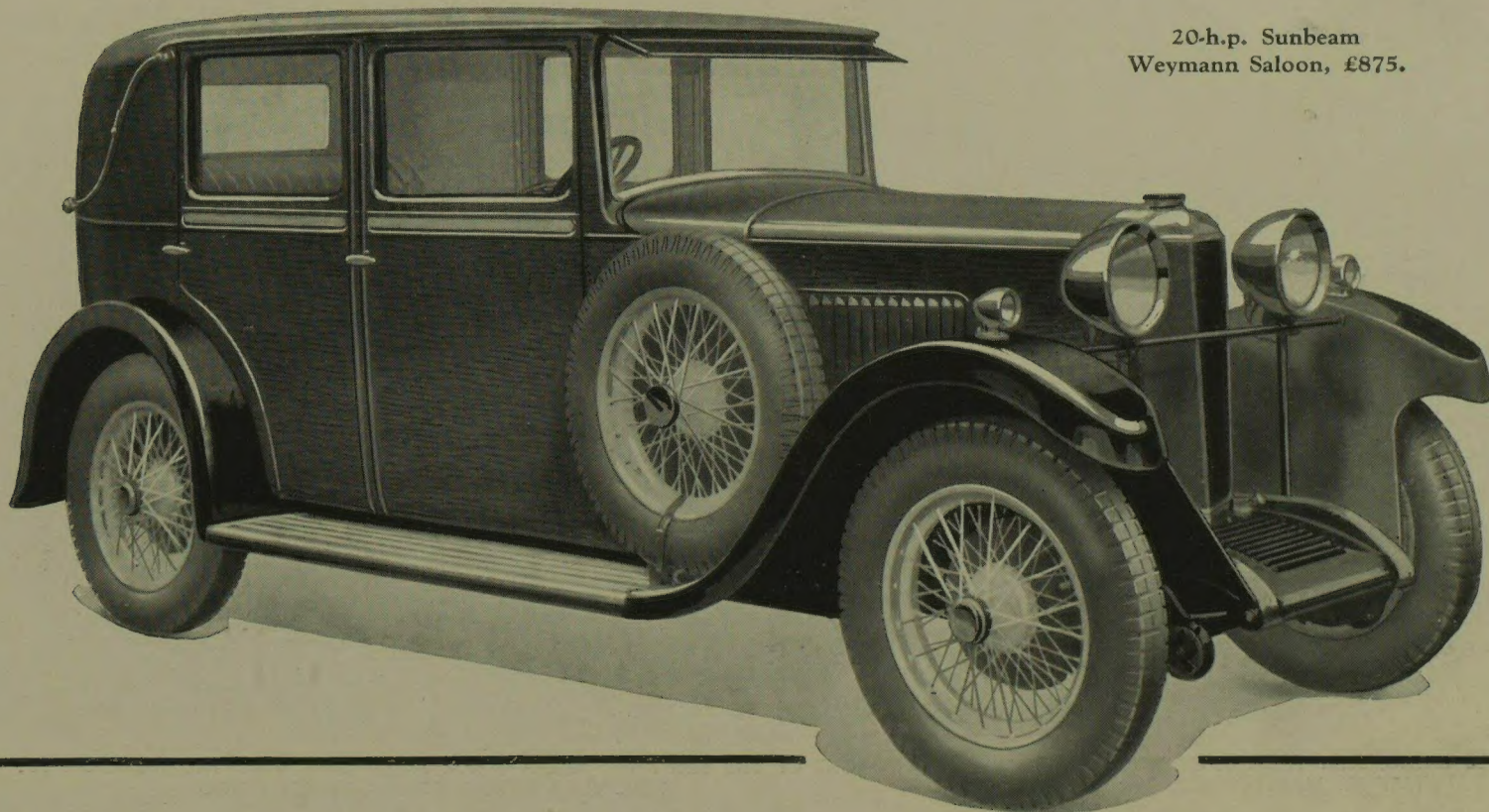
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ivory hilt of a dagger sticking out above his heart, and his night-clothes and his beard both smeared with blood.

I stared stupidly for a moment, trying to shake myself out of the sodden state I was in. It was murder. I ought to do something: stop the train, raise the alarm. Pulling myself together, I looked for the communication-cord, but there didn't seem to be one. And then, suddenly, the blue light went out, and I could see nothing. I groped for the switch, but I had forgotten where it was. I groped for my matches, but I couldn't find them, and the effort exhausted me. I fell back weakly in my bunk and lay still. I didn't know what was the matter with me, but I simply couldn't move. In another moment I was asleep again.

The sun was shining the next time I woke up. I still had a splitting headache, but I felt more like myself, and I remembered most vividly that strange moment in the middle of the night. Cautiously, very cautiously, I peered over the edge of my bunk and looked down. The old man was there in his bunk, lying a little more on one side than before, and his eyes were still open. But there was no sign of a dagger in his heart, nor was there any suggestion of blood either on his beard or the bed-clothes. And as I stared, his eyes suddenly looked at mine and blinked. I hurriedly rolled over in my bunk and lay still.



Gasping for air, I leaned out over the side of my bunk . . . Suddenly I saw it. The ivory hilt of a dagger sticking out above his heart, and his night-clothes and his beard both smeared with blood.

So it was only a dream after all! What a blessing I hadn't found the communication-cord and pulled it! That would have been five pounds and a strong suspicion of lunacy. And yet it was very odd. That strange blue light had not been like the illumination in a dream, and I could tell every detail of the picture I had seen, down to the carving on the ivory handle of the knife. I lay thinking over it all,

and in the meantime heard my companion getting up. Now and then I stole a glance at him, for I was still wondering whether I could believe my own eyes. But they seemed to be telling me the truth this time, whatever they had done in the small hours. The beard was unmistakable, and, though his eyes didn't have the same beady expression as they had the evening before, I put that down to the effect of a night's rest. Anyhow, he was certainly alive. As for an interpretation of the phenomenon, Freud would have probably put it down to a repressed desire on my own part to murder him, or, if not that, something worse. Personally I was able to explain it by a combination of bad whisky and bad air.

When he had finished—he didn't wash, by the way—he sat down on his bed in his old position by the window, and there was room for me to get up and dress. The train was already on the outskirts of Cairo, and I wondered, as I buttoned up my clothes, whether we were going to

[Continued overleaf.]

MONTE CARLO

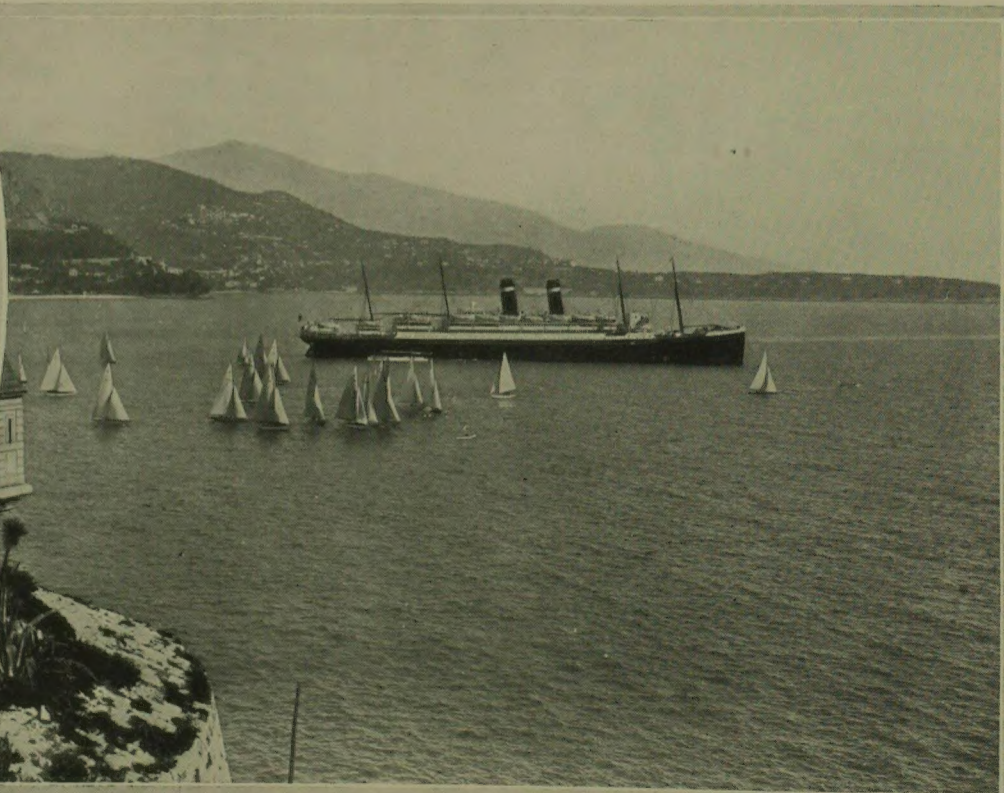
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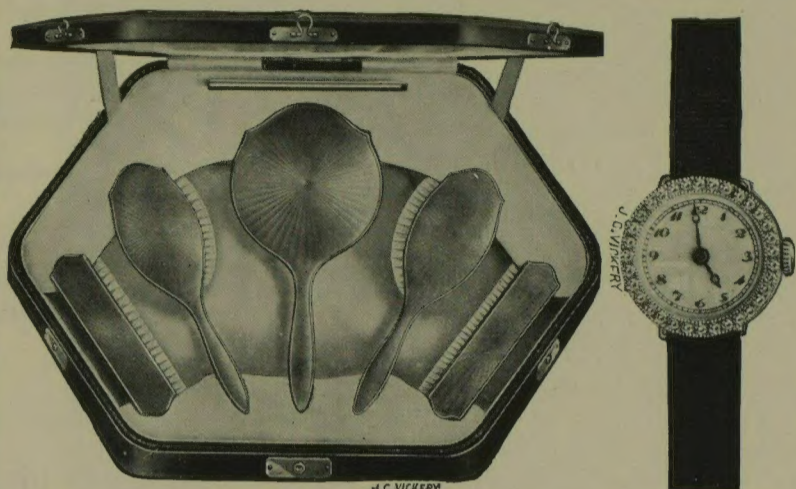


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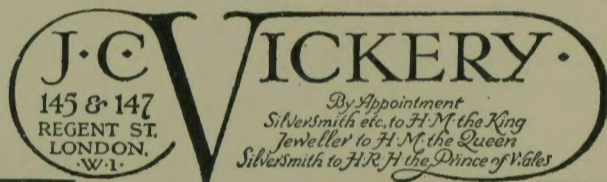
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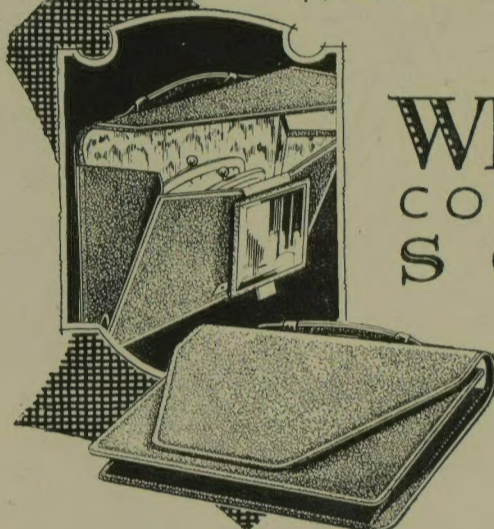
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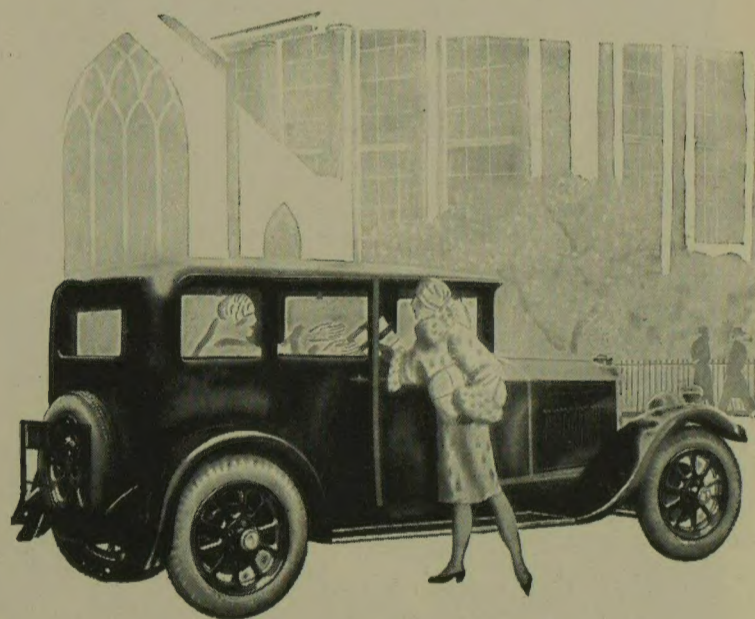


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part, as we had met, without a word of recognition. As it happened, however, we didn't. I had just finished my dressing, when my keys fell out of my pocket and rolled partially under his bunk. I was stooping to pick them up, when suddenly, with an agility that was surprising for a man of his years, he more or less pushed me aside, picked them up himself and handed them to me.

Slightly taken aback, I began to murmur some thanks.

"Not at all," said he, in excellent English.

At that I felt inclined, seeing that he could speak English, to ask why the devil he hadn't answered me the evening before, but I refrained. I contented myself with remarking what a beastly journey it had been.

"It was warm, yes," he admitted. "But for my part, I passed a very good night."

That ended our conversation. When we reached Cairo we solemnly took off our hats to each other, and went about our respective affairs.

The day after that I was lunching with John Harvey, who had some job in the Agricultural Department of the Sudan. We lunched at Shepherd's, which was about as restful as lunching on the platform at Charing Cross on an August Bank Holiday;

but it was amusing to sit outside on the verandah afterwards, watching the tourists and the dragomans, and we were out of reach of all the insistent pedlars who make one's life a burden in any Eastern city.

I went across to another table for a moment to talk to some fellow-travellers I had met at Assouan, and when I returned I found that Harvey had bought a newspaper, which he was studying with great interest. As a rule, there is nothing in the local paper except the price of cotton, and I wondered what it was he found so absorbing.

"Any news?" I asked, when he put it down.

"No," he said. "It was just a case that interested me. I happened to know the man."

He stopped, and I went on: "Well, what was it?"

"Ever heard of anybody called Joannides?"

"I travelled down from Assouan with one of the breed," I replied.

"Did you? With a patriarchal beard?"

"Yes, and beady, greedy eyes."

"That's the man. How very curious! Did you talk to him at all?"

"I tried to, but he wouldn't utter. . . . Tell me about him. The man interested me in an objectionable kind of way."

Harvey paused for a moment. "Well," he began, "as this paper remarks,

[Continued overleaf.]



I had just finished my dressing, when my keys fell out of my pocket...I was stooping to pick them up, when suddenly, with an agility that was surprising for a man of his years...he picked them up himself.

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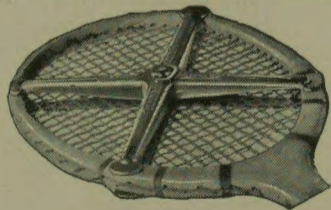
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TOFFEE DE LUXE

Mackintosh's make good chocolates too!

Mr. Joannides was not a very popular man. And that's putting it mildly. He was, I imagine, the best-hated man in Egypt since the days of Pharaoh—which isn't saying nothing. He was a money-lender—a moneylender of the kind that's a villain in almost every melodrama. I never knew they existed till I met Joannides. But he was a super-example. You know the idea—mortgages, and that sort of thing. You lend a peasant money on the security of the coming crop, and when the crop fails you take everything he has, including his daughter, if she's pretty. That, roughly speaking, was Joannides' business, and he was absolutely merciless, a real spider. Some men are heartless because the greed for money makes them heartless, but he went one better than that. He wasn't after the money, although he got it all right, he was after the man. He wanted to ruin him, and he wasn't satisfied until he'd deprived him of every means of livelihood, and made sure that he would starve. Oh, he really was a perfect gentleman!"

I was quite ready to believe all this after what I'd seen of my companion in the train, and I waited anxiously for Harvey to go on.

"Now this is the odd part," he continued, after a further glance at the paper. "As you know, Joannides travelled down the night before last to Cairo, and as you probably didn't know, he was coming expressly

to see his solicitor so as to foreclose on a new bunch of miserable creatures he had got into his toils. They knew that, because the papers were all ready for him when he arrived. However, he must have had a stroke or something, for he behaved oddly when he came to the lawyer's office, and, instead of signing the papers, he tore them up and threw them into the waste-paper basket.

And, not satisfied with that, he then proceeds to write cheques for about fifty thousand pounds in favour of various charities and other people he had tried to ruin in the past. . . . The lawyer, who is also a Greek, seems to think that he was off his head, but he appears to have been perfectly sane in other respects, for he visited other people while he was in Cairo, and it was no doubt merely a belated attack of conscience."

"It makes quite a pretty little story," I observed.

"Quite, but that's not the end of it," said Harvey. "Here you have him, having performed the one good action of his life, returning with a clear conscience to enjoy the remainder of his days; and then, if you please,

he goes and falls out of his sleeping compartment and gets run over by a goods-train coming in the other direction."

This piece of news thoroughly woke me up. "He's dead!"

"Of course he's dead. You try getting run over by a goods-train!"

[Continued on page xiv.]



The story that Harvey had read out of the newspaper made me regard the strange vision I had had in the middle of the night in a new light altogether.

MEN ENTHUSIASTICALLY WELCOME THIS THOUGHTFUL GIFT

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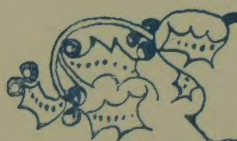


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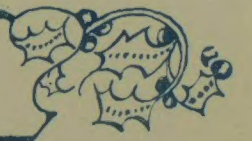
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER
1929



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FROM THE DRAWING BY CECIL ALDIN.



The Christmas Prayer.



"HER EYES ARE HOMES OF SILENT PRAYER."

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "RECUEILLEMENT," BY EDGARD MAXENCE, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.



"Several times I have had a visitor in the study here after dinner, an uninvited guest. . . . It seems to me sometimes as if I actually assist in evoking and materialising these appearances."

THE FRONTIER GUARDS

By H. R. WAKEFIELD

Illustrated by FRANK OLDHAM.

(Author of "They Return at Evening" and "Old Man's Beard").

"**T**HAT'S a charming little house," said Brinton, as he was walking home from a round of golf at Ellesborough with Lander.

"Yes, from the outside," replied Lander.

"What's the matter with the inside—Eozoic plumbing?"

"No; the 'usual offices' are neat, if not gaudy. Spengler would probably describe them as 'contemporary with the death of Lincoln,' but it's not that—it's haunted."

"Is it, by Jove!" said Brinton, gazing up at it. "Fancy such a dear little Queen Anne piece having such a nasty reputation. I see it's unoccupied."

"It usually is," replied Lander.

"Tell me about it."

"During dinner I will. But you seem to find something of interest about those windows on the second floor." Brinton gazed up for a moment or two longer, and then started to walk back in silence beside his host.

In a few minutes they reached Lander's cottage—it was rather more pretentious than that—an engaging two-storeyed structure added to and modernised from time to time, formerly known as "The Old Vicarage," and rechristened "Laymer's." Black and white and creeper-lined, with a trim little garden of rose-trees and mellow turf, two fine limes, and a great yew, impenetrable and secret. This little garden melted into an arable expanse, and there was a lovely view over to some high Chiltern spurs. The whole place just suited Lander, who was—or it might be more accurate to say, wanted to be—a novelist: a commonplace and ill-advised ambition, but he had money of his own and could afford to wait.

James Brinton, his guest for a week and a very old friend, occupied himself with a picture gallery in Mayfair. A very small gallery—one rather small room, to be exact—but he had admirable taste and made it pay.

Two hours later they sat down to dinner. "Now then," said Brinton, as Mrs. Dunkley brought in the soup, "tell me about that house."

"Well," replied Lander, "I have had, as you know, much more experience of such places than most people, and I consider Pailton the worst or the best specimen I have heard or read of or experienced. For one thing, it is a 'killer.' The majority of haunted houses are harmless, the peculiar energy they have absorbed and radiate forth is not hostile to life. But in others the radiation is malignant and fatal. Pailton has been rented five times in the last twelve years; in each case the tenancy has been marked by a violent death within its walls. For my

part, I have no two opinions concerning the morality of letting it at all. It should be razed to the ground."

"How long do its occupants stick it out as a rule?"

"Six weeks is the record, and that was made by some people called Pendexter. That was three years ago. I knew Pendexter père, and he was a courageous and determined person. His daughter was hurled down the stairs one night and killed, and I shall never forget the mingled fury and grief with which he told me about it. Previous to that he had detected eighteen different examples of psychic action—appearances and sounds—several definitely malignant. The family had not enjoyed one single day of freedom from abnormal phenomena."

"How long since it was last occupied?" asked Brinton.

"It has been empty for a year, and I am inclined to think it will remain so. Anyone who comes down to look at it is given a pretty straight tip by one or other of us to keep away."

"Does it affect you violently?"

"I have never set foot in it."

"What? You, of all people!"

"My dear Jim, just for that very reason. When I first discovered I was psychic, I felt flattered and anxious to experience all I could. I soon changed my mind. I found I experienced quite enough without any need for *making* opportunities. I do to this day. Several times I have had a visitor in the study here after dinner, an uninvited guest. And it has always been so. I have many times seen and heard things which could not be explained in places with perfectly clean bills of psychic health. And one never gets quite used to it. Terror may pass, but some distress of mind is invariable. Any person gifted or afflicted like myself will tell you the same. It seems to me sometimes as if I actually assist in evoking and materialising these appearances, that I help to establish a connection between them and the place I inhabit, that I am a most unpleasant kind of Lightning Conductor."

"Is there any possible explanation for that?"

"Well, I have formed one, but it would take rather a long time to explain, and may be quite fallacious. Anyhow, there has never been any need for me to visit such places as Pailton, and I keep away from them if I can."

"Would you very much object to going in for a minute or two?"

"Why?"

"Well, I have been bothered all my life about this business of ghosts. I have never seen one; in a sense I 'don't believe in them,' yet I am convinced you have known many. It is a maddening dualism of mind. I feel if I could just once come in contact with something of the kind I should feel a sense of enormous relief."

"And you'd like me to conduct you over Pailton?"

"Not if it would really upset you."

"It would be at your own risk," said Lander, smiling.

"I'll risk it!"

"You mustn't imagine that you can go into a disturbed spot such as this and expect to see about ten ghosts in as many minutes. Even in the case of such a busy hive as Pailton there are many quiet periods, and some people simply cannot 'see ghosts.' The odds are very much against your desire being granted, though, if you *are* psychic, the atmosphere of the place would affect you at once."

"How?"

"Well, you've often heard of people who know by some obscure but infallible instinct that there's a cat in the room. Just so. However, I'll certainly give you the chance. It won't seriously disturb me. I can get the key in the morning from the woman who looks after it, though I need hardly say she doesn't sleep there. There is no need for a caretaker. It was broken into once, but the burglar was found dead in the dining-room, and since then the crooks have given it a wide berth."

"It really is dangerous, then?"

"Beginning to feel a bit prudent?"

"No, I shall feel safe with you."

"Very well, then. After coming back from golf we'll pay it a visit. It will be dark by five, and we'll make the excursion about six. The chances of gratifying your curiosity will be better after dark. I'd better

It was exactly five o'clock as they reached Laymer's. Tea was ready. "Do you still want to go, Jim?" asked Lander abruptly.

"Sure, Bo!" replied Brinton lightly.

"Here's the key," said Lander, smiling, "the Open Sesame to the Chamber of Horrors. The electric light is turned off, so all the light we shall have will be produced by my torch. One last word of advice—if you want to get the best chance of a thrill, try to keep your mind quite empty—don't talk as I personally conduct this tour. Concentrate on *not* concentrating."

"I understand what you mean," said Brinton.

"Well, then, let's get a move on," said Lander.

An idea suddenly occurred to Brinton: "How will you be able to show me over it if you've never been inside it?"

"You needn't worry about that," replied Lander.

The fog was thick by now, and they wavered slightly as they groped their way down the lane, compressed by high hedges, which led to Pailton. When they reached it, Brinton's eyes turned up to observe the windows on the second floor. And then Lander stepped forward and placed the key in the lock.

As the door swung open the fog, which seemed to have been crouching at his heels, leapt forward and entered with him and inundated the passage down which he moved. The moment he was inside, something



As the figure still remained motionless, Jim Brinton lit a match and peered forward. . . . And then he reeled back. "Who, in God's name are you?" he cried.

tell you something else. I never quite know how these places are going to affect me. Before now I have gone off into a kind of trance and been decidedly weird, my dear Jim. My sense of time and space becomes distorted, though for your assurance I may say," he added smiling, "I am never dangerous when in this condition. Furthermore, you must be prepared to make acquaintance with a mode of existence in which the ordinary laws of existence which you have always known abdicate themselves. Bierce called his famous book of ghost stories, 'Can These Things Be?' Assuredly they can. Now I'm sounding pompous and pontifical, but some such warning is necessary. When I touch that front door to-morrow I may become in a sense a stranger to you; once inside we shall have crossed a frontier into a region with its own laws of time and space, and where the seemingly impossible can happen. . . . Do you understand what I mean and still want to go?"

"Yes," replied Brinton, "to all your questions."

"Very well, then," said Lander, "I will now get out the chess-men and discover a complete answer to Reti's opening which you sprang on me last night; so you shall have the white pieces."

November 21 was a lazy, drowsy, cloudless day, starting with a sharp ground frost which, thawing unresistingly as the sun climbed, made the tees at Ellesborough like tiny slides. In consequence, neither Brinton nor Lander played very good golf. This upset Brinton not at all, for he was thinking much more of that which was beginning to impress him as a possible ordeal, the crossing of the threshold of Pailton a few hours later. As they finished their second round a mist, spreading like a gigantic spider's web, was beginning to raise the level of the Buckinghamshire fields. As they walked homewards it climbed with them, keeping pace with them like a dog; sometimes hurrying ahead, then dropping back, but always with them.

advanced to meet him. He opened a door on the left of the passage and flashed his torch round it. The fog was in there, too. Jim, he could feel, was at his elbow.

"This is where they found the burglar—it's the dining-room."

His voice was not quite under control. "Quite a pleasant room, smells a bit frowsty." The little beam wandered from chair to desk, settling for a moment here and there. Then he shut the door and stepped along the passage till the little beam revealed a flight of stairs which he began to climb. He still heard Brinton's steps coming up behind him. Up on the first floor he opened another door. "This is the drawing-room," he said. "The Proctors' cook was found dead here in 1921." Round swung the tiny beam, fastening on chairs, tables, desks, curtains. He shut the door and began to climb another flight of stairs. He could hear Jim's feet pattering up behind him. On the second floor he opened still another door. "This, my dear Jim, is the nasty one; it was from here Amy Pendexter fell and broke her neck."

His voice had risen slightly, and he was speaking quickly. Once again he flashed his torch over chairs, tables, curtains, and ahead.

"Well, Jim, do you get any reaction? Do you? You can speak now." As there was no answer, he turned, and swung the beam of his torch on to the person just behind him. But it wasn't Brinton who was standing at his elbow—

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked Brinton, "can't you find the keyhole?" The figure in front of him remained motionless.

"Can't you find the keyhole?" asked Brinton more urgently.

As the figure still remained motionless, Jim Brinton lit a match and peered forward. . . . And then he reeled back.

"Who, in God's name, are you?" he cried.

THE END.

In the Heyday of the High Gods.



KRISHNA AS THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS: "THE DIVINE COWHERD."

BY ANANDA MOHAN SASTRI, MADRAS.
(Lent by the Artist.)Hindu Gods and Nature
Myth in Indian Art.

By JAMES H. COUSINS, D.Lit.

The pictures reproduced here and on the three pages following were shown at the Faculty of Arts Gallery, Piccadilly, in 1928. They belong to a collection of sixty pictures brought from India by Dr. J. H. Cousins (author of this article), and since exhibited by him in America.

WHEN Rabindranath Tagore, in 1912, fled from the distractions of literary popularity in his native Bengal to find peace in obscurity in London, and got it in the form of an English translation of his poetry, a British knighthood and the Nobel Prize! he achieved much more than a personal success. To Europe Tagore was something new. In India he was something old in his expression of an ancient tradition, albeit in modern moods and forms, and something established among the high triumphs of a vividly national culture. The recognition of Tagore by Europe became a recognition of India, and gave assurance to a number of renaissance movements, particularly to the then young effort to restore the almost lost art of Indian painting.

Four years before the opening of the new century an Englishman, Mr. E. B. Havell, was appointed to the Principalship of the Government School of Art in Calcutta. He promptly told the Dying Gladiator to go and die, or at least get out of the way as a model for living art in India. Ructions followed, but artistic sense prevailed. "The Bengal School of



THE HINDU COUNTERPART OF ORPHEUS: "KRISHNA'S FLUTE."

BY RANODA UKIL, DELHI.
(Lent by Mr. T. Mitchell Hastings, New York.)

Painting" emerged; and in 1914 an exhibition of paintings by artists of the new movement used up the commendatory adjectives of the art-critics of Paris and London.

The handful of painters of 1914 have grown to sixty or more to-day, and have carried the impulse of the movement all over the country. The two leaders, Abanindranath Tagore and Gogonendranath Tagore, are as certain of remembrance as masters in their realm as Hiroshige and Hokusai of Japan in theirs. And the slopes of attainment are populous with unforgettable achievement and inspiring promise by artists, a mere list of whom would overload this necessarily general account.

When painting in India, after A.D. 600, came off its original walls in the excavated temples of Ajanta and elsewhere, it preserved certain ancestral characteristics, such as flat colouring, the elevated point of view, which is re-entering world art under the title of airplane perspective, expressive line, æsthetic delicacy, and a convention in figure and posture which gives Indian art a peculiarly attractive flavour. With the passing of Buddhism and the revival of Hinduism from the seventh century onwards, a passionate devotion created numerous images of divinity, and a keen metaphysical sense endowed them with dispassionate mental significances. These two elements, the objective and the esoteric, entered together into mediæval Hindu painting.

Continued on a later page.

The Indian "Neptune" and "Aurora": Sea-God and Dawn-Goddess.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 23)



THE SEA-GOD, VARUNA, MAKING OBEISANCE TO THE GODDESS OF THE DAWN: "USHAS AND VARUNA"—
BY PROMODE KUMAR CHATTERJEE.

(Lent by Marchesa Clara Vitelleschi, Rome.)

"Jupiter Pluvius" in Indian Nature Myth: Spirits of the Monsoon.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 7.)



EXPRESSING THE SENSE OF PERSONALITY IN NATURE, WHICH IS A PERPETUAL ELEMENT
IN THE MIND OF INDIA: "LIGHTNING AND RAIN"—BY SARADA UKIL, DELHI.

(Lent by the Artist.)

Queen of Heaven in Hindu Legend: The Consort of Brahma.

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 7.



PLAYING THE VINA ("HER TYPICAL EXPRESSIVE INSTRUMENT") AND SEATED ON HER SYMBOLIC SWAN:
"SARASWATI, THE HINDU CULTURE-GODDESS,"—BY RANODA UKIL, DELHI.

(Lent by Mr. T. Mitchell Hastings, New York.)

In the Realm of Fantasy: Tales in the Eastern Manner.

POEMS BY MISS RUMER GODDEN. PAINTINGS BY MISS JON GODDEN. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

THE DEATH-DEALING BUT WELL-INTENTIONED MONSTER.

IN the curve of my back I carry a lake,
Silk-green with floating water-flowers,
And a laddered house with pink-tiled
towers.

I turn my tail and the towers quake,
The pink tiles fall and the ladders shake.
I breathe, the boats are swamped, the sails

Hang drooping. The fierce wind impales
Poor wretched whimpering wriggling souls
Upon tall pointed bamboo poles.
Dead gardeners in scarlet coats,
Dead fishermen in fishing boats.

Cries and confusion, death and tears,
Best hold my breath for a thousand years.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

(He comes to town and finds himself not elegant
enough.)

STREETS filled with sun and drinking
wells,
Wheelbarrows and rickshaw bells,
Catsmeat and twisted fishing lines,
Sweetshops with painted market signs,
Flags and dogs and wooden towers,
And girls with faces like white flowers
On sturdy stalks; with lingering eye
They glance, and, glancing, pass me by.

The wicker sandals that I wear hang heavy
on my feet,
For all the world is elegant who walks this
crowded street.

(He tells of his voyage.)

A fishing boat with peasant crew
And sails in stripes of red and blue:
We sailed by little islands set
With pink-walled huts and rice-fields wet
With summer rains. The gardens laid
With water pools where willows shade
Tea-roses set in china jars.
By night below a sky of stars
We spread the nets and set the darts
And fished till dawn. By seamen's charts
We read our course; and, steering south,
We crossed the Yellow River's mouth
Where many boats from foreign seas
With banners dragging on the breeze
Were anchored and unloading on the
crowded cargo quays.

(He feels a longing for home and determines to
return.)

. . . Town-scented moonbeams steal
On street doors shut and barred. I feel

And white goats flick indifferent tails
While milk froths into wooden pails.

I must go home; but in this street
There is a maiden strangely sweet
With fragile hands, gay silken clothes
And tinsel sandals. One of those
Who paint their nostrils, lips and eyes
And fingertips with gaudy dyes;
Who giggle and gesticulate
And study music. I will wait
Upon her father, press my suit
And with my poems and tender flute
Songs woo her, take her as my wife
To lead a simple country life.
At night-time, when the house is lit
With yellow lanterns, I will sit
Gazing on the stars that dream
Of mirrored stars drowned in the stream,
And she, her zither on her knees,
Singing beside the cherry trees.



"In the curve of my back I carry a lake,
Silk-green with floating water flowers,
And a laddered house with pink-tiled towers."



"We sailed by little islands set
With pink-walled huts,"



"Gazing on the stars that dream
Of mirrored stars drowned in the stream."

Adventures in Cherry Blossom Land: Tempest and Enchanted Island.

POEMS BY MISS RUMER GODDEN. PAINTINGS BY MISS JON GODDEN. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

WIND STORM IN THE CHERRY FLOWERS.

THE wind unshut his lidless eye
And drew a cyclone in the sky.

From roof to roof with pointed foot and flapping clothes extended wide
He elegantly stepped and took a temple by its sacred side,
He tossed it and it turned and spun, and when it fell the prayerful died.
He lashed the lake with tongues of white, rough-streaked on swollen storm-
filled blue,
He struck the boats and took the nets and tore the garments of the crew,
And on the land the trees were bent and black-railed bridges snapped
in two.

The heron flies on flat green skies in a silent afternoon.
Tilted faces in lovers' places are lit by a lemon moon.
Cherry flowers white and red;
Fifty labourers are dead;
Many fishermen are drowned.
Cherry trees with branches spread,
Flower-laden, flower-crowned.
Knee-deep in flowers on the ground.
Cherry flowers white and red.



"They sail past islands bound with spells
And dragons, where a Princess dwells."

SHIPS.

DARK-SIDED ships with sails that lift
To straining winds. Sharp prows that rift
The bursting waves, where sea-flowers drift
With star-eyed eels and seaweed trails
And dolphin-fish with purple tails.

They sail past islands bound with spells
And dragons, where a Princess dwells
In turrets built of tinted shells,
Set high above the green-washed flood,
And seas fire-dyed in red sun-blood.



"The wind unshut his lidless eye
And drew a cyclone in the sky.
From roof to roof with pointed foot and flapping clothes extended wide
He elegantly stepped."



"And on the land the trees were bent."



Romance

By
Lanthe Jerrold.

Illustrated by
A.K. Macdonald.

"The wedding-cake has arrived," said Viola . . . perching herself on the arm of her grandmother's chair. She added gloomily, "It looks like a mausoleum."

THE wedding-cake has arrived," said Viola, lounging into the morning-room and perching herself on the arm of her grandmother's chair. She added gloomily, "It looks like a mausoleum." Grandma's crochet-hook paused, as if astonished. "A what, my dear?"

"A mausoleum."

The crochet-hook resumed its gentle and rhythmic jabbing. "Surely not. I never saw a mausoleum that looked in the least like a wedding-cake."

In the opinion of her grandchildren, Grandma, like most Victorians, had a regrettably literal mind. She did not understand slang, allusiveness, nor the poetry of conversation.

"This one does," said Viola vaguely; and added: "Oh, I do hate the whole business! If there is a rig-out that makes a girl look a perfect idiot, it's a wedding-dress."

"I thought your dress charming, my dear, when I saw it fitted on. Although, of course, white is a little trying to nearly all complexions. But probably the excitement will make you blush a little, and that will improve matters."

"I shall blush all right. I shall feel such a fool. I do wish we could just elope, Reggie and I. All this business is so tiresome."

"I eloped once," observed Grandma placidly. "Put a little more coal on the fire, will you please, Viola? Eloping is tiresome too, you know."

"Did you, Grandma?" Viola slid to her feet and looked in surprise at this aged relative, whom, it seemed, she had never before properly appreciated. "Well, I never knew that!"

"It was before your time, my dear," said Grandma, with a faint smile. "Who with?"

"With your grandfather, of course. Thank you. I do hope this frost won't last till Wednesday. I always feel so sorry for the poor little bridesmaids in their thin dresses."

"What about the poor little bride?" Grandma smiled.

"At least she's getting something out of it, my dear."

"So are they. Reggie's giving them pearl and turquoise necklets. Rather sweet. But about this elopement, Grandma?"

"Well—I wish you would sit down, my love. It makes me fidget to see you standing on the fender like that. Well, I had been engaged for some time to Edward. We were engaged when I was seventeen, and when he found himself in a position to marry I was still very young—between nineteen and twenty. And I was extremely romantic, just as you are, my dear."

Viola smiled. How sweet and Victorian of Grandma to talk of being romantic! "Did you wear a crinoline in those days, Grandma?"

"Good gracious, no! This was in 1879. Crinolines went out of fashion long before I was grown up. We wore long gowns ruched round the front, and caught up at the back. A very becoming fashion it was, though not so convenient as the fashions nowadays. Well, of course, in my young days nobody dreamt of anything but a proper wedding, with invitations and carriages and a reception. Anything else would have been thought very odd, unless there was some special reason for a quiet wedding, such as a death in the family. People sometimes married at the Registrar's, of course, but generally for religious reasons, and it was thought very advanced and not at all the thing. It was taken for granted that Edward and I would be married at the parish church, and that my aunt would give a reception for us at her house in Kensington. (I was an orphan, my dear, and lived with my aunt and uncle, as I dare say you know.) Even my uncle, who was not very well-off and hated wasting money on what he called frivolities, never considered any other possibility."

"But you did?"

"Well, I was romantic, my dear. And I suppose every girl when she becomes engaged has a feeling that nobody has ever been engaged and married before. I wanted a romantic wedding. I didn't want a wedding in front of a crowd of people, with a breakfast and speeches afterwards, and my Cousin Adela for bridesmaid. (Truth to tell, I didn't get on very well with my Cousin Adela in those days.) I had read a lot of romantic novels, and got the idea that a proper wedding would be stuffy. Yes, we used the word in those days, my dear, nearly as often as you young people do now. I half hoped that my uncle would disapprove of the engagement, so that we might have difficulties to contend with. But, of course, he was only too delighted to get me off his hands, Edward being a very eligible suitor."



"I woke with a start, to hear rain pouring down the windows. Oh, how I wished I had never thought of such a mad thing as an elopement! I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was pouring."

"How sweet!"

"What, my love?"

"'Eligible suitor.'" Grandma wrinkled her placid brow.

"Well, but he *was* an eligible suitor," she said mildly. "He had an extremely good position with Norton's, the tea-merchants. Where was I? Oh, yes! I hated the idea of a fashionable wedding, and as I knew that my aunt would never consent to a quiet one—a hole-and-corner wedding, as it was called in those days—I determined to elope."

"You determined to elope! Didn't Grandpa have any say in the matter?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! He said a great deal. He was strongly against the idea. And that made me more determined than ever, silly little thing that I was. You see, as I said, I was very young and very romantic, and it quite shocked me to find that Edward did not agree with me on every possible matter. But in the end he gave in. You see, he was more than ten years older than I was."

"Couldn't you have gone to Chiswick the next morning without all this dirty work at the cross-roads business?"

"Of course I could. But it wouldn't have been a proper elopement. It would have been too easy. Well, it was raining a little when I went upstairs, and I was disappointed when I looked out of my bedroom window and saw there was no moon. I had hoped for a moon. However, I wrote my little note, and packed my little bag. It wouldn't hold very much. Oh, dear, it nearly broke my heart to leave behind so many of the pretty things I'd made! But I thought that my aunt would be sure to forgive me in time, and send them on. Well, when I'd packed my bag and got everything ready, it was still only twenty minutes to eleven. More than two hours to wait, and it was so cold in my bedroom! I slipped on a cloak and sat down to read through the little packet of Edward's letters to me. There weren't very many of them, because we lived so close to one another, and when I'd read them through again and again it wasn't much after eleven, and my



"Poor Edward! He meant to cheer me, but in my wretched state it seemed too dreadful that he should call our elopement 'this horrible journey.' He kissed me and tried to comfort me, but his face was so cold, and the rain poured off the brim of his hat."

"I should have thought that would have made him all the keener on law and order," Grandma smiled.

"Well, of course it did. But young men in love are very sensitive and very ready to feel their shortcomings. He did not want me to think him middle-aged and staid. He regarded his extra twelve years as a disadvantage, and was anxious that there should never be any barrier between us owing to difference in age. Like most people over the age of thirty, he liked to be thought younger than he was."

"Reggie likes to be thought older."

"Yes, my dear; he is only twenty-six—not yet old enough to appreciate the advantages of youth. Well, we arranged our elopement, and Edward bought the ring and the licence. We chose—or rather, I chose—the seventh of February for our elopement, because it was the anniversary of our engagement-day. I was to go upstairs as usual at ten o'clock (my uncle liked us to keep early hours), but, instead of going to bed, I was to pack the few things I needed in a little bag and write a note to leave on my dressing-table. Edward was to come with a cab and whistle outside my window at one o'clock . . ."

"Were you going to Gretna Green in a post-chaise?"

"Dear child, I am your grandmother, not your great-great-grandmother. No. Edward was to take me to his married sister, who lived in Chiswick, and was a great friend of mine and as rattle-pated as myself. And we were to be married next morning."

feet were freezing. So I lay down on my bed under the quilt with a book—'Ivanhoe,' it was, I remember, a great favourite of mine. It sounds a terribly prosaic way of preparing for an elopement, I know, my dear. I should have spent the time in thinking about the serious step I was taking and making good resolutions for my new life. But it's impossible to be romantic when one is feeling cold—I daresay you have noticed it. And the next thing I did was more prosaic still."

"You didn't go to sleep?"

"I did. I kept looking at the clock, but the time went so slowly. And I kept reading bits of 'Ivanhoe,' but I knew it almost by heart, and the print tired my eyes. And with the quilt and my coat over me I soon grew so warm and comfortable that I went fast asleep. I woke with a start to hear rain pouring down the windows. I looked at the clock—it was twenty-five minutes past one! Oh, how I wished I had never thought of such a mad thing as an elopement! There is something about waking in the early hours of the morning that takes all the glamour out of life. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was *pouring*! But I could dimly see Edward sheltering under the acacia-tree below. I put on my shoes and bonnet. I had a glimpse of myself in the glass looking so flushed and untidy that I was quite glad there was no moon, after all. I slipped downstairs and out of the front door.

(Continued on a later page.)

A Painter's Vision of Don Quixote; Segrelles Interprets Cervantes.

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"HE PASSED HIS TIME IN READING BOOKS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY": DON QUIXOTE IN HIS LIBRARY.

That fine imaginative painter, M. José Segrelles, has once more provided for us a set of "visions" in colour illustrating a famous classic. In our last Christmas Number his subject was Dante's "Inferno," and in that of 1927 he interpreted Beethoven's music. Now (on this and the three following pages) he depicts incidents from the immortal comic romance of Cervantes, "Don Quixote," to which we append appropriate extracts

from Motteux's translation (Dent's "Everyman" edition). The above scene is described thus:— "He gave himself up wholly to the reading of romances . . . and thus, by sleeping little and reading much . . . at last he lost the use of his reason . . . his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges . . . He unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy . . . to turn knight-errant."

The "Knight of the Woeful Countenance" in Quest of Adventure: Don Quixote Depicted by Segrelles.

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"THIS NIGHT I WILL WATCH MY ARMOUR."

"He began to walk about by the horse-trough . . . They saw him . . . sometimes lean on his lance, with his eyes all the while fixed upon his arms. It was now undoubted night, but yet the moon did shine."



DON QUIXOTE HEARDS THE LION IN HIS CAGE.

"The keeper . . . set the door of the foremost cage quite open, where the male lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous bigness, and of a hideous frightful aspect. . . . He gazed and yawned for a good while, and showed his dreadful fangs. . . . But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing his grim adversary would leap out of his hold . . . that he might cut the monster piecemeal."



AN OFFICER MISTAKEN FOR AN ENCHANTED MOOR.

"Sancho, seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapped about his head like a turban, and the lamp in his hand: 'Sir,' quoth the squire to his master, 'pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor.'"



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA MOUNTED ON CLAVILENO.

"Now, now, you fly aloft! . . . All this Sancho heard, and girding his arms fast about his master's waist, 'Sir,' quoth he, 'why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices?' . . . 'Never mind that,' answered Don Quixote, 'for in these extraordinary kind of flights, we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. . . . But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off.'"



DON QUIXOTE TURNS A SOMERSAULT, ONE OF HIS "ANTIC POSTURES," AS SANCHE RIDES AWAY ON ROZINANTE.

"Sancho . . . mounted Rozinante . . . His master importuned him to stay and see him do two or three of his antic postures before he went, but he could not prevail with him; however, before he was got out of sight, he considered of it, and rode back: 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I have thought better of it.' . . . 'I had advised thee right,' said Don Quixote . . . With that, slipping off his breeches and stripping himself

naked to the waist, he gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands he fetched his heels over his head twice together; and as he tumbled with his legs aloft . . . Sancho even made haste to turn his horse's head, that he might no longer see them, and rode away full satisfied, that he might swear his master was mad."

A Painter's Vision from "Don Quixote"; Windmill Giants by Segrelles.

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"THE EXTIRPATION OF THAT CURSED BROOD WILL BE AN ACCEPTABLE SERVICE TO HEAVEN":
DON QUIXOTE TILTS AT WINDMILLS.

"This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and answered him that they were windmills and no giants . . . 'Stand, cowards,' cried he as loud as he could; 'stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all' At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when

Don Quixote spied: 'Base miscreants,' cried he, 'though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.' He most devoutly recommended himself to his lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at."

DIAMONDS: BLACK AND WHITE.

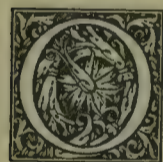
By "AA." (ANTHONY ARMSTRONG),

Author of "Percival at Play," "Patrick, Undergraduate," and "Percival and I," etc.

Illustrated by ILLINGWORTH,



"Well, . . . what about this?" . . . He flung open the kitchen door. . . . and brought in Nada. "Here is the wife I really intend for you. . . . Just say a few words, my dear," he added anxiously to Nada.



ONCE upon a time there was a woman who lived in a cottage near a forest. She had a husband whom she found quite useful to chop logs and fetch water from the well, and to keep the place going by carving little wooden likenesses for sale to travellers. Also she had an elder daughter, named Grummilla, by another husband, and a younger daughter, who was called Nada. She had no sons; but she had a tom-cat called Rumpelstiltskin, after a very distant relative, and there was a girl called Squab, who came in on Monday mornings to oblige with the washing. Oh, and there was a puppy called Joseph, but he doesn't really matter. I think that's all.

The two daughters were very different indeed, both in looks and manners, as half-sisters generally are. Grummilla was tall and raven-haired, and, though she was fairly good-looking in a hard sort of way, she was both lazy and surly. Her father had been, before his death, Keeper of the Royal Wild Boar (there was only one) in the neighbouring forest, and it had gone to his head.

Nada, on the other hand, was very sweet-tempered and kind to animals—even to Rumpelstiltskin, who was about as foul an animal as one could find in a day's march. She was a blonde, with shining hair. Her mother disliked her, and always favoured her elder sister. Ladies prefer brunettes. Anyway, what with that and Grummilla's laziness, Nada always had to do all the dirty work about the home.

At the time when my story begins, this household was in a great state of excitement, for news had just reached them that no less a person than the son of the Vizier of the country would be passing close by them on his return from a visit to a foreign country, whither he had been sent, as everyone knew, to bring back a wife for his young master the Prince. For he was a very sharp fellow, and was reputed to have a good eye for a deal, whether in food or furniture or wives.

"And," said Mushla (for that was the woman's name) to her husband, "he may hear of your wood-carving and come over here to have his head done in teak."

"Mps!" remarked her husband; meaning "And what on earth's the good of that?" He was not much of a fellow for the light chit-chat. I have forgotten what his name was; everyone simply called him "Mushla's husband," for she was that sort.

"He might—er—notice Grummilla," continued Mushla, who was ambitious, and had just recollected that the Vizier's son was unmarried. Her eye took on the far-away look of the woman who perceives a prospective son-in-law of high birth before he perceives himself.

"Well, he might—er—notice Nada," countered her husband, who generally took Nada's side, partly because she was his own daughter, but chiefly because his wife didn't.

"Oh, he might see Squab," retorted Mushla, nettled, and banged the kitchen door. And that was that.

In the kitchen, however, Mushla began to think some very ambitious thoughts. She knew well that people married queerly in those days. It was nothing out of the common for a Vizier's son to fall in love with the daughter of a wood-carver on sight, and even go so far as to marry her; indeed, it was quite usual. Mushla smiled to herself and thought again of Grummilla.

One day, soon after this, a messenger brought the information to Mushla's house that the Vizier's son, as she had hoped, was actually intending to pay them a visit that very evening with the object of having Mushla's husband carve his likeness—or, at any rate, his as-like-as-possible. Mushla's ambition flamed up immediately. All at once, in her mind's eye, she saw Grummilla affianced that very night to the young man, and going back with him to Court. And, much as she liked her elder daughter, she would not be sorry. At Court Grummilla's rather troublesome disinclination for work would have full scope. So instantly she was all bustle.

First she made her husband find his collar, sponge it, and even put it on. Then she broke the news to her daughter. Grummilla didn't seem very interested, till her mother pointed out that Viziers' sons, being rich and aristocratic, were popularly supposed to make good husbands for the lower classes. Then she brightened up and asked what she had better wear. They had a long discussion as to ways and means, and whether they should shorten the skirt of her blue-and-silver, or wear the pink charmeuse just as it was. Mushla took a very serious view of the forthcoming meeting, going so far as to suggest that Grummilla should have a special wash for it, including the ears—even though it was only Thursday. Grummilla demurred at this, her line of argument being, first, that there was no

water, and the well was such a long way off; and secondly, that it didn't seem much good being dark and raven-haired if one had to wash on odd days of the week, even for a Vizier's unmarried son.

Mushla, however, at last induced her daughter to make the effort by promising to send Nada to the well for the water, and by pointing out that, once she was a Vizier's daughter-in-law and a lady, she needn't wash any more, but could use cold cream at night and powder in the day time, and call it Care of the Skin instead. So poor Nada, who had already been set to work by Mushla to clean up the cottage, was sent off to the well with a bucket, and injunctions to be smart about it or she'd get what-for.

She was just hauling the bucket to the top again when the slip-knot she had tied slipped away altogether, and the bucket fell back into the depths. This frightened Nada very much, for it was her mother's favourite bucket; so, after some thought, she climbed down the rope into the well to fetch it up.

All sorts of extraordinary things used to happen in the good old days—in fact, any era in which fairies and magicians and witches, and so on, wandered round at large, was bound to be out of the common. So that Nada was not particularly surprised when, reaching the water's surface, she saw facing her in the side of the well a magic door. It was a swing door, bearing the legend "Pull!" Nada, being feminine, pushed. The door, being magic, opened. She went in. A path lay before her, and she walked curiously along it for some distance, till she met an old crone, with two tired boxes of matches clutched in a grimy paw, seated on a bank. "Spare-a-copper-lidy-for-a-poor-old-woman-what-only-wants tuppence-more-to-get-a-bed-for-the-night," began the old crone, "who, as no doubt you have guessed, was a fairy in disguise, but who occasionally did this sort of thing when she found Fairyland a bit boring. Also, she quite frequently made a trifle out of it. Now Nada hadn't got many coppers, and certainly didn't want to lose them, but since she regularly read her fairy books, and had her suspicions, she took care to give the old thing her blessing instead. A very wise course of procedure, besides being a cheap way of getting out of it. At the words, the old woman suddenly changed back into fairy shape, and Nada, of course, pretended to be terribly surprised, displaying much confusion, and even making a curtsy.



Baran had picked up the diamond near his foot, and was looking at it through a little microscope . . . "Merely glass, Sir," said Mushla again, a trifle anxiously. "Oh—er—quite," returned the Vizier's son carelessly, . . . "But quite a curio!"—and put it disdainfully in his pocket.

"Dear child!" purred the fairy. She loved unsophisticated people. The world, she considered, was getting rather too full of a sharp younger generation, who recognised her through all her disguises, which, as you can well believe, must be dashed annoying. "Can I help you, my pretty girl?" she continued beneficently.

"I dropped my mother's favourite bucket down the well," said Nada, "and I'm looking for it."

"Oh, is that all?" replied the fairy, and waved her wand. "You'll find it at the top when you go back. Now, because you've been so good-hearted, and spoken so kindly to one whom you thought was but an old woman, I shall give you a present."

She thought a minute, waved her wand experimentally, said to herself, "No, that won't do!" washed it out, and waved again. Then she announced with some pride: "For every word you speak when you return to earth, a diamond, a sparkling white diamond to match your shining hair, shall fall from your lips. There, what about that?" She paused to study the effect of this statement on the girl. "Rather a novel idea, don't you think, my dear?" she asked a trifle anxiously.

"Very," agreed Nada, who felt it certainly was a handsome thing to happen to anyone when looking for a bucket, and said good-bye very prettily. When she got back (having found the bucket at the top), her mother at once began to blame her for the delay, till Nada tried to explain, and large white diamonds dropped from her lips. After that it took a very long time to tell the story, because Nada's parents and Grummilla were on their hands and knees scrabbling for her lightest remark, and her father kept saying "What?" in the hopes of getting a bigger one. And then it was discovered that Joseph the puppy—for you know what puppies are—had swallowed quite a long word, and that took up more time still.

When at last Mushla grasped, more or less, what had happened, she hurried Grummilla into an apron, thrust a bucket—an old one—into her hand, and told her to be off to the well as quick as she could, and do the same. With a true mother's instinct, she had realised that under present circumstances even an ordinary Vizier's son, let alone one so sharp as this one was reputed to be, would not be able to help preferring Nada to Grummilla. And while she didn't mind Grummilla leaving her if she made a good match, Nada was far too useful about the house to be allowed

to go, for she could cook and sew and clean, and even get a fair amount of work out of Squab, who was pretty hopeless at anything except washing stockings.

So Grummilla raced off, reaching the well in something under fifty seconds, and the bucket had barely touched the bottom before she had slid down the rope herself, and was crawling through the magic door (which, by the way, now bore the legend, "Pull and Let Go!" because it was a magic door).

She hurried along the path till she came to the old woman, who promptly asked her for coppers. Now Grummilla was rather high and mighty, and did not read fairy stories, nor, in the excitement, had Nada had time to say much else than that she had met a fairy. Grummilla, therefore, was looking out for something in white chiffon, with a wand and wings. So she snapped angrily: "I've got nothing for you; get out of my way!"

She was naturally a bit startled when the old woman changed into her proper shape; and tried to retrieve her error by remarks about the weather, while she hurriedly fumbled for her purse. The fairy, however, was no fool. "What do you want?" she said crossly.

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Grummilla, taking this as an offer, "there's nothing I'd like so much as to have—er—something come out of my mouth with each word I speak. Say—er—little shining stones?" she added skilfully, feeling she had better not display too great a knowledge of what had happened to her sister.

The fairy waved her wand with what was, for a fairy, of course, quite a malevolent grin. "Granted," she said, for she had nice manners. But she looked searchingly at Grummilla's raven-dark tresses as she did so, and chuckled once more to herself. Grummilla was off like a shot, forgetting all about the bucket in her haste; but it didn't really matter since it was an old one. Her mother was waiting at the door, and ran to her.

"Well?" she cried.

"All right, mother, I've got it," returned Grummilla. But though half a dozen shining lumps fell from her lips as she spoke, to the surprise of both of them they were black—as black as Grummilla's raven hair.

Mushla looked suspiciously at her. Then she picked up a couple of her daughter's words and examined them. Whatever they were—and Mushla didn't know or care—they were by no means diamonds. "Here, what's this?" she asked angrily.

"Don't ask me!" snapped Grummilla, equally annoyed, and loosed off three more, as black as the others.

The subsequent argument brought out Mushla's husband, who had been indoors listening to his younger daughter more eagerly than ever before in his life, and now had his pockets full. He, too, was surprised, and secretly not a little pleased, that Grummilla hadn't got anything as good as Nada. He didn't like his surly step-daughter.

"They're quite pretty," he said at last, by way of soothing everybody. He picked up one of the black lumps and fingered it carefully. "Now, I would . . ."

"Pretty be hanged!" snarled Mushla. "They're not diamonds."

"No," agreed her husband judicially; "but, on the other hand—"

"Just dirty common stones!"

"Of course, they may—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Mps!" went her husband, and shut up. He retired into the house, leaving the two women wrangling together and already ankle-deep in a litter of the black lumps.

Poor Nada came in for more hard words than before when it was at last discovered that nothing could be done. Her sister taxed her with greed, double-dealing, and selfishness; and Mushla nearly broke a blood-vessel trying to accuse her of taking the better gift for herself, and at the same time endeavouring to point out how much better Grummilla's gift really was, after all. Every time Nada opened her mouth to reply she evoked a fresh tirade by producing more diamonds, and every time her father opened his mouth to defend her he was told to shut up.

At last things settled down a bit. It was agreed that the only thing to do when the Vizier's son came, was for Grummilla not to talk if she could possibly help it. What sounded like a sarcastic laugh at this point was traced to Mushla's husband, who thereupon had great difficulty in persuading his wife he had only been clearing his throat. Then Grummilla got into her prettiest dress, the blue-and-silver, and shortened the skirt so much that she might almost have been mistaken for a society lady already. Nada was kept in her rags and set to the hardest work her mother could find, which, of course, was shovelling out into the courtyard any remarks her sister saw fit to make before the expected visit.

Towards evening the Vizier's son arrived. He was met with many bowings by Mushla's husband and welcomed into the cottage by Mushla herself, resplendent in a fur pelisse she had won ten years before in a raffle. Behind her was Grummilla, looking rather handsome, and determined not to speak. Nada had been sent into the

back kitchen, where she was dealing with Joseph the puppy, who had shown a decided partiality for her sister's conversation, and now had indigestion.

The Vizier's son was tall and dark, with large lips, a larger nose, and keen—very keen—black eyes. As I said, he had the reputation of being a sharp young man, and he looked it. He had, accompanying him and carrying a box, one servant, a fellow with a pleasantly unintelligent face and a humorous look. I don't mean he looked funny; I mean he looked as though he might say and do funny things.

"I have heard of your fame at carving wooden likenesses," began the Vizier's son in kindly fashion. Mushla's husband revolved his hat rapidly in his hands, and mumbled something that was drowned by his wife's effusive answer, as she shooed Rumpelstiltskin—who, being a cat, had, of course, taken the best chair—out into the courtyard.

The Vizier's son—whose name, by the way, was Baran—sat down and began to talk pleasantly about the weather and a dragon they had seen while coming through the wood, and the prevalence of magicians in that part of the country, and other items of local interest. Mushla very carefully placed Grummilla where the light fell on her to best advantage. Grummilla kept her lips tightly closed, but nodded and smiled whenever the Vizier's son made a remark, thus giving him, in the way women do, the impression that she was a brilliant conversationalist. Her mother noticed with satisfaction that Baran appeared at least impressed, if not attracted. She could not help feeling pleased that Nada was safely tucked away in the kitchen and was unable to flaunt her diamonds in front of the Vizier's son. There was a business-like look in the young man's keen eyes, and the nose reminded her of a pedlar who had once sold her husband a so-called magic wand which had turned out to be valueless. He certainly was a sharp young man—the kind of person, Mushla decided, who wouldn't care what sort of wife he had if she could produce diamonds as fast as she could talk.

She was still congratulating herself on her strategy, and her husband had just recovered from his nervous embarrassment sufficiently to be able to handle his knives without cutting himself, when the kitchen door sprang open and Joseph appeared, hotly pursued by Nada.

Mushla was furious, and sprang at her. "Didn't I tell you to stay in the kitchen and clear it up?" she rapped; then, as she saw Baran looking with interest at Nada, she added, with swift recollection: "Don't you dare say a word!"

But it was too late. A few large diamonds rolled from Nada's lips as she began to reply. The Vizier's son jumped and looked a trifle startled—even in those days of magic. But he came up again to it bravely, and tried politely not to notice anything. He was quite clever at not noticing things—in fact, he had recently had a good deal of practice. A friend of his at Court, one of the Equerries, had for some time been suffering from a pair of donkey's ears instead of his own, and no one had been better than Baran at not noticing the disability—even though all his friend's hats had to have two holes cut in the top.

Mushla, however, seeing that it had happened, tried to pass it off. "Poor girl!" she whispered loudly to Baran. "Such a misfortune! Lumps of glass, you know, Sir," she added mendaciously, being determined not to spoil Grummilla's chance. "It's not as if it were anything valuable." She turned swiftly round, caught her amazed husband just about to speak, and drove his explanatory protest deep down into him again with a super-powerful frown worked by both eyebrows at once.

"What a pity!" remarked Baran courteously, but eyeing with curiosity a word which had fallen close to his chair.

Mushla again rounded on Nada, and sent her back into the kitchen, triumphing in her skilful retrieving of an awkward situation. But when she turned round once more, Baran had picked up the diamond near his foot and was looking at it through a little microscope which he had taken from his pocket and fixed in a practised eye.

"Merely glass, Sir," said Mushla again, a trifle anxiously.

"Oh—er—quite," returned the Vizier's son carelessly, and made as if to throw it away with scorn; but checked himself. He then said, even more carelessly, "But quite a curio!"—and put it disdainfully in his pocket instead.

"Here, I say—" began Mushla's husband, but stopped, and plunged into his carving as once again he caught his wife's eye. Mushla's eye would have stopped a charging dragon.

There was a pregnant silence. Then Baran said, looking towards the kitchen, "Charming girl, your daughter. She ought to be at the Court. Great opportunities there for a girl of her—er—gifts."

This, felt Mushla, was dangerous. "Beautiful black hair like hers, Sir, is wasted here," she replied in a loud whisper. She did not intend that there should be any mistake about which daughter she considered the charming one.

"Oh—er—yes," said the Vizier's son in puzzled fashion, and looked vaguely round until his eye fell upon Grummilla. Then he said, "Oh—er—yes" again—but in quite a different tone of voice, and not very



"All right, mother, I've got it," returned Grummilla. But though half a dozen shining lumps fell from her lips as she spoke, to the surprise of both of them they were as black as Grummilla's raven hair.

enthusiastically. Then once more he stared at the kitchen door. "Let me see," he added after a while, to Mushla's annoyance; "lumps of glass, I think you said?"

"Yes," she replied shortly, feeling she had better stick to it.

The Vizier's son smiled at her amiably, but incredulously. He certainly was sharp. Mushla's husband said nothing. He always became very preoccupied with his work as time went on, and at the moment he was concentrating on the problem of whether to incline to truth or flattery in the delineation of his client's remarkably large nose. He decided at last in favour of sheer flattery, because the other would take too long and use such a lot of wood.

"Lumps of glass," the Vizier's son began again, as though he couldn't leave the subject, "have always interested me."

At this moment Mushla, realising that he was distinctly neglecting Grummilla in favour of her sister, felt called upon to invent further.

"Oh, that in itself is nothing, Sir. What makes it all so bad is that my daughter Nada is—er—well, she's really not quite all there, if you know what I mean."

startled, rose and made a low bow. "Your Highness!" he said, and a quick pallor spread all over his lips, and as far down his nose as it could get in the time.

"Ah, Baran! Didn't expect me, did you?" said the other, masterfully. "I rode out to your camp to meet you, and heard you were here." He appeared to notice Mushla and her husband for the first time, and said patronisingly: "Stand at ease, good people! You may carry on." There was no doubt that he was a Prince.

Mushla was too surprised at his sudden arrival to do anything except sink into a chair, for the second time in five minutes. On this occasion, however, Rumpelstiltskin, who believed in learning by experience, just made his get-away in time.

"Now, Baran," said the Prince, sitting down in the best chair, "about this wife you went to get for me. Where is she?"

Baran stammered and stuttered.

"Don't dare tell me you haven't brought one!" snapped the Prince.

Baran hesitated, then began glibly: "Well, you see, your Highness, it's like this—"



But the Prince had recovered, and was obviously becoming interested in the girl, though he completely and politely ignored her conversational concomitants. He engaged Grummilla in talk, and she, feeling the worst was now known, and also having a lot of time to make up, talked till the floor was like a beach.

Baran did appear to know what she meant. The statement, in fact, Mushla was pleased to observe, shook him considerably. "Her sister, now," she continued, rather pleased, "is the apple of my eye."

"Oh, quite—quite," agreed Baran thoughtfully.

"Now, if only," continued Mushla, who was nothing if not bold, "anyone was looking for a wife."

"Well," replied Baran, with rather a sly look, and glancing for the first time at his servant, standing behind him with the box, "to tell you the truth, I am."

Mushla was so amazed at this answer that she sat down heavily on a chair. At which she had to get up very quickly and soothe Rumpelstiltskin, who, sneaking in unnoticed, had again got there first.

"I beg your pardon!" stammered Mushla at last, when she had got her voice. She despatched a look towards Grummilla which meant, if anything did, "Keep your mouth shut and you've got him!"

"I must have a wife, and by to-morrow," continued Baran. "Reasons of state, and so on," he explained. "You see, it's—"

But at that minute there came four heavy bangs from a sword-hilt on the door. There were really five bangs, but Baran's servant, who was very efficient, opened it so quickly that he got the last one himself. Baran at once kicked him dispassionately for being a fool. It wasn't much fun being a servant in those days.

Outside the door was a young man in fine clothes, who strode imperiously into the cottage. To Mushla's surprise, Baran, looking very

At that moment the servant, who had been revengefully rubbing his last point of contact with his master, suddenly handed the Prince the box he held, with a vindictive grin. Baran recoiled and, whispering fiercely: "You're sacked!" went even paler than before.

The Prince opened the box, and a large, purple toad with yellow spots crawled out and gazed up at him. "Hey! What's this?" he gasped, averting his eyes, and reciting rather a good exorcism.

"Well," said Baran, collecting himself. "It was her Royal Highness the Princess of Slovo-Carmania. . . ."

The Prince's mouth fell open, and he gazed in amazement at the animal. The purple toad looked slightly coy.

"She—er—had an accident yesterday," continued the Vizier's son, nervously moistening as much of his large lips as he could. He had been hoping to avoid this unpleasant scene, but had not expected to see his master so soon, nor had he anticipated his servant's treachery. "A magician," he went on, "with cross-eyes, passed by and appeared to amuse her; and . . ."

"What the dickens," thundered the Prince, "do you think you're at?" He shook the toad, who looked very huffy, and then tried to make up for it with a winning smile. It was not a great success. "Are you trying to insinuate that I'm to marry this?" he continued, getting very red about the edges of the face.

As the Prince stood six-foot-two in his hunting-boots, and was supposed to be the best battle-axe expert in the kingdom, the Vizier's son

[Continued on a later page.]



A GLORY OF OUR LADY OF CHARTRES: THE WINDOW "L'HISTOIRE DE ST. JACQUES."



A GLORY OF OUR LADY OF CHARTRES: THE WINDOW "LA MORT DE LA VIERGE."

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the great glory of Chartres, and the great glory of the Cathedral is the stained glass, which includes not only three world-famous rose-windows, but over one hundred other windows, with stained glass of the thirteenth century, containing figures of some five thousand persons.



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.

"THE SACKVILLE CHILDREN" BY HOPPNER.

Readers of "The Illustrated London News" will, no doubt, remember that we reproduced this picture in monochrome in June of this year, with the following note:—"The famous Knole picture of the Sackville children, by John Hoppner, R.A. (1758-1810), which is regarded as the masterpiece of child portraiture in English art, has been sold to a private collector by Messrs. Spink & Son, of London. The picture was lately in the possession of Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Sackville, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G. It

was painted in 1797. The boy was George John Frederick Sackville, only son of the third Duke of Dorset, and was born in 1793. He succeeded his father in 1799, and died in 1815 of a fall from his horse, at Killarney. The elder girl, his sister Mary, born in 1792, married first, in 1811, the 6th Earl of Plymouth, and secondly, in 1839, the 1st Earl Amherst. She died in 1864. Her sister Elizabeth (right) was born in 1795, and in 1813 married the 5th Earl de la Warr. In 1864 she was created Baroness Buckhurst."

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN — BY OLD MASTERS.

"LE BÉNÉDICTÉ" BY CHARDIN.

The picture reproduced above has an interest apart from its intrinsic merits as a great work of art. There are in the Louvre, in Paris, two Chardins with the title "Le Bénédicité." The one here given came from the La Caze Collection and was bequeathed to the Gallery; the other has long adorned it. The history of these works was never in doubt, but it occurred to M. J. F. Cellerier, the Director of the Laboratory of

Scientific Research of the Louvre Museum, that it would be interesting to submit them to rays, and thus demonstrate not only their authenticity but the likeness of their treatment. This matter was referred to, and illustrated, by us last April. The tests revealed the master's methods and showed that the two paintings, as well as others by him, had precisely the same characteristics.

REPRODUCED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, FROM THE PICTURE BY JEAN BAPTISTE SIMÉON CHARDIN (1699-1779) IN THE LOUVRE.



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"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL ALDIN.



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.
"THE MADONNA OF THE MAGNIFICAT"; BY BOTTICELLI.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI (c. 1447-1515), IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.



"MISS FRANCES CREWE"; BY REYNOLDS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. 1728-1792. AT CREWE HOUSE. REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY COURTESY OF THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, B.G., P.C., F.S.A. ETC.



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND OF CHILDREN—BY OLD MASTERS.
"THE MOB CAP"; BY REYNOLDS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF VISCOUNT D'ABERNON;
AND SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S THIS YEAR FOR 6000 GUINEAS.



WAR-CHARIOTS OF THE MADDING WHEELS: A Pharaoh in Battle; and a Charge in Assyria.

"Gallant Tin Soldiers" of Fairy-Land: Christmas-Toy Armies.

By JANE RAMSAY-KERR.



A Fighter of the Persia that has Passed.

behind the glorious panoply of war, our hearts still beat faster at the sound of martial music. We let the romance of military pageantry carry us back through the Ages as we sit entranced at Searchlight Tattoos or Tournament and there are few Londoners who do not hurry their steps when the drums and fifes announce that the Guards are marching down the Mall, or when there is a chance of seeing the Household Cavalry come "sounding through the town."

And, when Christmas Day comes, which of us will see young Tom or Dick unpack his inevitable gift of tin soldiers without suggesting that the billiard table will make a superb parade-ground, and that Uncle George may care to show how the Guards drill differs from that of Regiments of the Line? Toy soldiers, with their proud tradition, and superb miniature swagger, their amusing possibilities as obedient

ROMANCE and a red coat will ever go hand-in-hand. The poet truthfully recorded the irresistible appeal which "a lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, a feather of the blue" have for the feminine heart, and Victorians tell us that in their young days, when style was justly appreciated and uniforms were worn at all important balls in garrison towns, the young lady who had to accept the arm of a black-coated admirer was little better than a wall-flower!

To-day, though we have experienced the full terror of what lies

exponents of military tactics and ceremonial, and their intrinsic decorative characteristics, are as fascinating to-day as they were two thousand years ago when Roman Matrons bade their lusty offspring pack up the miniature Homeric Warriors tidily in the Trojan Horse which served as their box, and Patrician Papas perfunctorily asked if young Publius knew the date of the raising of the Siege of Troy, and then gave him an extension of his before-bed play-hour in order to set the Legionaries out in battle array. It is small wonder that, in spite of modern ideas and post-war hopes of the efficacy of the League of Nations, we should still keep our love for toy soldiers, as these



A Macedonian Call to War.

mannikins of Mars have been the stock playthings of youngsters since the earliest ages; doughty warriors of fairy-land, Christmas-toy armies of the comrades of that gallant Tin Soldier of our Hans Andersen who was born of a spoon and loved a paper lady.

The miniature fighting-man's first known appearance may have been but as a guard for a master dead and turned to clay, or black with bitumen and in mummy swathings, but he was a toy in Roman times; and in the Middle Ages he was well known in knightly guise. The Cluny Museum contains a thirteenth-century warrior in lead who may be cited as the ancestor of every one of the millions of tin soldiers who have



In the Days of Grandeur: Roman Legionaries.

fought mock battles through the ages—for he has the same flat contour as the modern tin fighting-man.

[Continued overleaf.]



The "Castled" Elephant of War—in Macedonia.



In the Ranks of the Scythians.



The "Castled" Elephant of War—in Nubia.



IN THE DAYS OF THE MARTYRED MAID OF ORLEANS: A Monk in the Field; Jeanne d'Arc, wielder of the Mystic Sword of St. Catherine; La Hire—Etienne Vignoles, "The Growler,"—of the Baying Voice, a "Knave" of the French Pack of Cards; and Xaintrailles, a Defender of Orleans.



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.: The Colour and a Grenadier of the Dauphin Regiment; and The Colour and a Grenadier of the Maine Regiment

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: The Standard-Bearer of the King of a French Cardinal; and the Standard-



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIII.: The Viscount de Turenne, afterwards Marshal-General of the Armies of France; the Prince de Condé; and a Staff Officer of the Duke of Weimar's Army.

Continued.

Mayenidge children played chivalrous games, no doubt, whether they came of a knightly race, or were but villeins, for there is more than one old wood-cut to prove that the miniature mounted knights in full armour which are preserved in various museums were actually used to amuse lucky young folk, though the models which remain to us are of so elaborate and rich a description that it is obvious that they can only have been made for Princes. Indeed, there is a woodcut by Hans Burenain which shows the young Kaiser Maximilian I. enjoying the sport of making two model knights tilt at each other by means of an elaborate arrangement of wheels and strings, which allowed them to meet in the shock of battle so that their lances—made of brittle wood—might splinter against each other in a realistic fashion. This delightful picture is reproduced in "Children's Toys of Bygone Days," a charming volume by Karl Gröber, which was published not long ago by Batsford, and the author points out that we have ample proof of Maximilian's enjoyment of the sport of tilting with toy combatants, as it is on record that he presented a couple of jousting Knights on wooden horses to young King Louis II. of Hungary.

Maximilian was the last of the Knights, and so it is only natural that he should have been associated with romantic toys likely to foster the ideals of Chivalry in their young owners.

of miniature men, modelled in silver, which cost no less than 50,000 thalers, and his son possessed a still more elaborate war game. The last-named really falls into the class of mechanical toys, as it



THE LAST OF THE VALOIS: A Scottish Archer of the Guard; Henri II., "Le Balliueux"; Henri III., "Le Mignon"; Louise de Lorraine; and the Cardinal of Lorraine.



IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.: A Drummer of Villeroi's Cavalry; a Grenadier of the Gardes-Françaises; A Soldier of the Champagne Regiment; The Colour of General Dillon's Irish Regiment; The Colour of the Gardes-Françaises; a Sergeant of the Swiss Guards; and a Drummer of the Régiment de la Couronne.

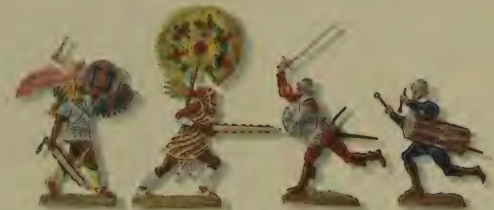


IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XVI.: The Colour and a Drummer of the Queen's Regiment; and The Colour and a Fusilier of the de la Marck German Regiment.

England; the Herald of the King of England; King Henry VIII.; King Francis I.; Bearer of the King of France.

was an example of the clever productions of the Nuremberg craftsman, Hans Hautsch, and of his son, Gottfried, in the year 1672, and was so ingenious that the men could be put through the drill movements of the day.

The real birthday of the tin soldier, however, is in the latter half of the eighteenth century, for Andreas Hilpert, of Coburg, sponsored him in 1760, and mass production soon popularised him and made him a familiar figure in nurseries all the world over. The new toy came to birth at a favourable moment, for the renown of Frederick the Great's exploits filled the world at that period, and the talk in every city and every land was of battles and of military tactics. The tin soldier conquered Europe as rapidly and completely as any invading army since Attila and his hordes had succeeded in doing, and no country was content until its soldiers had been reproduced by the Hilberts, with their correct uniform and accoutrements; while celebrated generals, such as "Old Fritz" himself, enjoyed individual treatment, and were put on the market in miniature.



THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO BY THE SPANIARDS: Aztecs in Combat with Spaniards when Cortez Conquered their Kingdom in Mexico and brought it under Dominion.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century and the thrilling battles of the Napoleonic wars, military toys continued to "loom," and tinsmiths began to turn out armies in every country; while the factories all arranged to work to scale, so that whole campaigns could be played over without any difficulties arising about giants meeting dwarfs! Finally, these tiny works of art designed as children's toys were actually set down to assist the business of real warfare, for young officers and Generals in the making used them to study manoeuvres and to try out attacks and counter-attacks. The tin soldier is thus a toy with a proud pedigree, and the minute warriors who decorate these pages are worthy descendants of eighteenth-century soldiers. They are more than playthings; they are exquisite modern works of art which recall every phase of military history, and they speak with silent yet eloquent voices of the vanished glories of former Empires, the romantic adventures of long-dead warriors, and the pomp and circumstance with which they went into battle.

The metal mannikins which illustrate this article are a few of the model soldiers from the unique collection



THE GREAT THIRTY YEARS' WAR: Wallenstein at Lützen in 1632, when the Swedes defeated the Austrians but lost their King, Gustavus Adolphus; and that General's Mule Chair in the Field.

Continued overleaf.



CAVALRY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: An Officer of the 7th Hussars (1792); an Officer of the 8th Cuirassiers; a General of the Republican Army; an Officer of the 13th Dragoons, Attached to the General Staff; an Officer of the 5th Chasseurs à Cheval; and an Officer of the 4th Hussars (1793).

Continued.

of M. Armont, a French specialist who has set himself to record the history of military uniforms and accoutrements by this attractive method. His little soldiers illustrate the chariots of war of Old

Transport, too, is dealt with in these wonderful tin soldiers, many of which are actually painted by M. Armont himself, and the chair drawn by mules and used by Wallenstein in the Thirty Years' War is modelled perfectly; while the Horse Artillery of the Napoleonic Guard at Wagram makes an interesting group.

Great Personages are honoured in this modern review of all the armies of all time by having special portraits of themselves. Henry VIII. and Francis I. are pictured meeting in the bravery of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, our bluff King Hal, a lusty and personable young man with a lean, athletic frame, as indeed he was at that period, and King Francis, the Patron of the Arts, elegant as he must have always been. Condé and Turenne ride proudly on their chargers, and the last of the Valois, though not strictly to be called soldiers, stand in a proud and stately line on our pages; while Napoleon sits on his white charger, his field-glasses in his hand, concentration on his face; with Murat swaggering just behind him.

M. Armont is still working at his collection. His Great War section as yet only includes French soldiers, but no doubt all the Allied troops will eventually be represented, and the whole pageantry of military history be arranged for all time, with armoured tanks to balance with the chariots of Egypt, and blue-uniformed Royal Air Force "aces" and their aeroplanes to contrast with the feathered Aztecs who fled from the fierce Spaniards mounted on those horses which struck such terror into the hearts of a civilisation which knew nothing of the equine race.

At the moment, M. Armont's task seems an endless one—and yet, at this season of Peace and Goodwill, we may gaze at his military



Murat.

Napoleon.

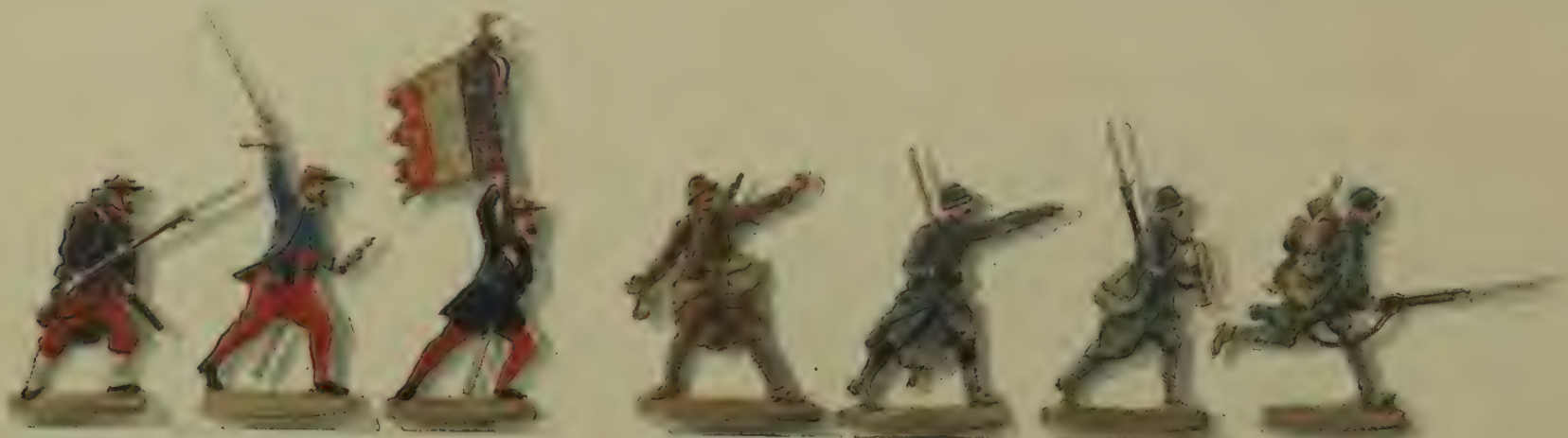
Assyria, when the cohorts of Sennacharib were "gleaming with purple and gold"; the fierce Egyptian cars of war, and the Indian warriors behind their fleet horses. They recall faithfully the Roman legionaries, the Scythian and Macedonian soldiers; and continue their pageantry of war through every age and clime down to modern times, so that one can contrast the Zouave of 1870 and the Poilu of 1918 with the Church Militant of the Middle Ages, when the monk who might not shed blood carried a mace to knock sense into the Infidel, and Joan the Maid, in her white armour, rode at the head of her patriots and infused a whole nation with burning courage and high trust in the justice of their Cause.

M. Armont's little soldiers are unique, for he, himself, sees to it that every detail of their accoutrement is correct, and has often had to spend weeks tracing down the uniform for a couple of little figures. Under the Monarchy in France, for instance, the drummers and trumpeters did not wear the uniform of their regiment, but the livery of the Colonel who "owned" it, and, naturally, it often requires considerable research to discover what were the colours of the livery of some illustrious family which no longer enjoys the place and power that its ancestors possessed in past centuries.



Light Cavalry: Polish Lancers of the Imperial Guard.

mannikins with all their swagger, their courage, and their bravery of gold lace, scarlet and blue, and look forward to a day when there may be no fresh types to add; for at long last there may come a time when the toy soldier will be but an interesting and historic memory of picturesque savagery.



THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR AND THE GREAT WAR: A French Infantryman of the Line (1870); A Turco Officer (1870); A Colour of 1870; A Bomb-thrower of the French Colonial Infantry (1916-1918); An Infantry Officer (1916-1918); A Trumpeter (1916-1918); and a Poilu (1916-1918.)



The dwarf followed him, poking and prying into dark recesses among the furniture.

THE LETTER

By KATHERINE HORTIN.



Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

THE shop was lit by a feeble gas-jet close to the cracked and blackened ceiling, over whose grimy surface an odd assortment of dilapidated candelabra festooned with cobwebs cast gaunt and ghostly wheels of flickering shadow. Broken and worm-eaten furniture of every description lay in confused masses against the mildewed walls. Here and there the fine grain of polished mahogany caught and reflected the faint yellow light. An array of rusty iron bedsteads sprawled drunkenly in ribald disorder across the sombre panels of an oak cupboard. Battered and worm-riddled, yet aloof and austere in its dignity, it had an air of cold resentment at the onslaught, as if shrinking in fastidious distaste from the frousty heap of dirty, half-worn clothes which hung limply from their twisted rails.

Old Rufus shuffled across the dusty floor in his down-at-heel felt slippers. Every evening, punctually at this same hour, year after year, decade after decade, glancing at his watch from long habit, he shuffled out from his inner room to lock up for the night. He opened the shop door and peered out into the gloomy November murk. To-night the street was very quiet. Over the way the soot-blackened wall of a factory frowned down, blotting out the faintly luminous London sky. A jutting lamp on an iron bracket threw a blurred shaft of light through spattered and smeared glass on to the greasy pavement. A pall of icy fog hung over the deserted street, making him gasp and choke as it rushed into his throat. He put up his hand and silenced the shrilling door bell, whose clamour shook his nerves, breaking suddenly into the unearthly stillness of the fog-bound alley. Every night it was his custom to stand for

a moment and strain his ears to listen for the far-away roar of the thoroughfares, the ceaseless stream of traffic that ebbed and flowed all night about the city. Though muted and deadened by distance, the surge of life about him gave him assurance that he was still part of it all, that he and his musty, worm-eaten shop still had a place in the present, had not yet passed out of time into some forgotten niche of unrecorded history. Time played him curious tricks occasionally. His memory was uncertain. Past and present became confused, shifting their places, the future inexplicably impinging on the moment, merging again into the past. Circles and spirals like the shadows of the candelabra on the ceiling. . . . It is always like that with old age, he thought. . . .

Usually he was glad when the time came to close the shop. To-night he felt a curious reluctance to bolt and bar the door, to shut himself away till morning in his solitary dwelling. The muffled silence weighed on him. There was a fantastic unreality in its quality, a sense of suspended animation, as if the heart of life itself had ceased to beat. The misty fog-wreaths which thrust their way into the shop as he opened the door seemed like tangible hostile forces striving to fill the vacuum, swaying and twining, clamouring to possess themselves of the empty, stagnant air. His accustomed serenity seemed to have deserted him to-night; his hitherto placid acceptance of his lonely life seemed somehow fraught with danger. From the shadowy walls the huddled furniture scowled at him. Inarticulate and imprisoned, each piece appeared to be striving for self-expression, as if desirous and eager to convey its history by some subtle means into the crystal-clear receptivity of his tautened mind. He thought he saw the cowed head of a monk peer

for a moment from the recesses of the oak cupboard, a little laugh like a glass splinter of sound echoed on the carved and gilded lips of a winged Cupid supporting a bracket in one obscure corner of the shop. The

merging in the yellow mist. The dwarf was scarcely three feet high. His great head was sunk deep on narrow shoulders. His arms hung limply nearly to the floor. His back was twisted into a cruel hump, grotesque, unnatural. Out of the tortured body the mournful eyes stared up at him, lustrous, beautiful dark eyes set far apart below a square white forehead. What clothes he wore on his shapeless trunk Old Rufus could not determine. The fog twined and writhed about it. Only the clear, imploring eyes seemed alive and real. . . . Old Rufus stared back at his curious visitor, uncertain of his wisdom in admitting him, but longing with a desperate yearning for a voice to break the unearthly silence.

"You have come a long way?" he stammered . . . just for something to say.

To his own ears his voice sounded harsh and strident, splitting up the heavy atmosphere into waves of echoing sound. The dwarf seemed to shrink and fade a little. Old Rufus had a strange fancy that the tattered red curtain was for a moment visible through the outline of the distorting hump. . . . As if from an immense distance, the dwarf's voice answered him. "A long way. . . . Yes, it was a long journey . . . a long and difficult journey . . . but I had to come . . ."

The old man led the way to the inner room, his feet shuffling noisily over the bare boards. The dwarf followed close behind him, leaving no trail on the dusty floor. He coaxed the dead fire into a fitful flame, and set a plate of food on the table. But the dwarf neither warmed himself nor ate. He sat hunched up and melancholy in his chair, he looked spent and exhausted, as some frail creature might look who, at his body's expense, had made a terrific effort of the will. It was as though he rested in a lethargy of reaction after pain; gathering fresh force, priming himself to yet further effort. . . .

He said: "Don't you remember me, Rossi?" There was a crushed, flat tone about his voice, as if he were hurt beyond measure at the other's indifference and detachment.

Old Rufus never could remember, when he came to think things over afterwards, whether the dwarf had really spoken, whether the words he listened to were objective sounds, or if the story had not floated into his consciousness in a purely subjective way. He was unaware of language. He stared at the other blankly, no sign of recognition in his watery old eyes, but a sudden sense of sympathy and companionship flung a beam of warmth into his lonely heart; the frozen years seemed to be melting. . . . For an instant, music, light, and colour flooded the gloomy room.

"The chest—the Queen's chest . . . where have you put it, Rossi?"

A tiny flame flickered among the blackening ashes; died down again. The ice came back, pressing on the old man's heart. He felt now that he had been foolish to admit this madman to his lonely house. . . . The gas-jet burned dimly still in the deserted shop. He got up nervously from his chair and shuffled out to extinguish it . . . the wheels of shadow still moved slowly over the cracked and grimy ceiling. The dwarf followed him, poking and prying into dark recesses among the furniture, lifting a piece here and there, searching thoughtfully, running his fingers



Old Rufus stared at him amazed. "The King's Fool!" the words leapt to his lips.

illusion of Time slipped from him, the past rippled about him in eddying waves. . . .

Old Rufus shuffled back to his arm-chair in the inner room. He raked together the grey ashes of the exhausted fire and spread out his chilled hands to catch their last lingering warmth. To-night he would lock up a little later than usual. A passing neighbour, aware of the still burning light, might by chance look in. A little human companionship would be very welcome, he felt. . . .

He shivered and dozed by the cheerless grate. It was midnight when he at last got up and shuffled again towards the outer door. He lifted the frayed red curtain that hung over its glass panel and peered out into the foggy street. Through the blur of the dirty glass a face stared up at him, two mournful eyes set in a pallid mask. He thought: "This is what I have been waiting for. A strayed child, a prowling dog in the night. . . . Something to keep me company." He looked down into the eyes of the creature, whose level scarcely reached the handle of the door. They seemed to carry some entreaty. "Let me in! Let me in!" they implored. Old Rufus loosened the shot bolts and opened the door. The fog poured in, icy and penetrating. The little figure drifting in with it seemed strangely part of it, its outline melting and

over the knots and knurs of the scarred, worm-eaten wood. Old Rufus, his hand on the gas-tap, stood and watched him apprehensively, as he beat about from object to object, not aimlessly, but with a definite, sure precision, as if he already knew that what he sought was waiting there for him to find. The old man twisted the tap, the light grew fainter. . . . Then from a sombre corner the dwarf's white face suddenly gleamed out at him. The dark eyes met his, illumined, triumphant, glad as if with an immense relief. . . . Incredibly, he saw him emerge from the obscurity a transformed figure. . . .

He was dressed in a suit of satin, which glistened in the dim light in a chequered pattern of blue and shining gold. On his head he wore a little cap all trimmed with bells, which tinkled gaily as he walked with a mincing, yet arrogant stride across the room. His feet were shod in shoes of scarlet leather whose long, curved toes were strapped below his knees with garters of yellow ribbons. In his hand he held a jester's staff. Old Rufus stared at him amazed.

"The King's Fool!" the words leapt to his lips. A fleeting memory disturbed him. He stood muttering and mumbling, then in sudden terror he turned out the light. Out of the darkness the dwarf's voice came, trailing and melancholy. Was it a voice? Or was it merely an echo? Insistent, clamouring, bridging an immense chasm of time. . . .

"Do you remember me now, Rossi?" the voice seemed to say. "Have you forgotten Pirelli, the King's Fool? And how you hid my body in the chest? Be patient a little, and let me jog your memory. It was in Naples. How many hundred years ago I have forgotten, but time, my friend, is an illusion, self-created. Reality is an eternal now. I loved the Queen with the humble adoration of a faithful slave. She trusted me. I failed her, and paid for it with my life, as I shall tell you presently.

"The King loved her too, but his love was not of the same quality as mine. He loved her with a jealous, hungry passion, but found much time for lesser, lighter loves. The Queen feared him, yet something wild and wayward in her made her in part responsive, but the gentler, nobler part of her heart she had given to Ferrari the sculptor, who loved her to the point of madness. Theirs was a hidden, secret love. I and one other alone were in her confidence. The other was the Lady Giulia, who, professing loyalty, was carrying on an intrigue with the King. Ambitious and unscrupulous, she schemed to take the Queen's place, and drop by drop instilled her subtle poison into the King's ear. Death was swift, and easy in those days, but the Lady Giulia miscalculated her power, and his vengeance fell on Ferrari alone. I learned by chance of the plot to kill the Queen's lover, the place, the day, the hour. The Lady Giulia fostered a counterplot. For her the time was not yet ripe. She counted to catch the two birds in one net. I demanded a private audience of the Queen, laid all the circumstances before her, urged her to write a letter to Ferrari bidding him to remain hidden; on no account

must he be present at the great feast at the Palace the next night. I thought to see the Queen shaken and terrified at my news, but instead some devilment seized her. I could gather from her face that the letter she was writing was foolish. It covered too much space and rambled far from the point. It was only when she came to the end that she looked a little fearful. . . . She pressed it into my hand with a solemn look. 'My honour is in your hands, Pirelli,' she said. 'Swear to deliver this letter in such a way that none but you and he will know it has ever been penned. Watch his face as he reads it, drop it yourself into the flames when he has come to the end. Ferrari was ever too careless about such things.' The Lady Giulia was in the ante-room as I came out. She gave me a scornful glance out of her cruel black eyes as I passed. They seemed to bore through my blue and gold satin jacket to where the letter lay against my heart. Had she dared, she would have transfixed it there



"I lay at the King's feet, my body pressed close against the ground; the letter's sharp edge cut into the flesh about my heart."

with the blade of a knife. All through the night I pondered on that look and what it meant. Up to the present I had only had one thought—to save the man my Queen loved; but gradually it appeared to me that by saving him I was drawing down some worse fate on their heads. I was in a maze, the problem filled me with uncertainty. All the next day the letter still lay hidden on my heart. . . . And all that day the Lady Giulia's eyes mocked me. 'Make haste, make haste, deliver the letter,' they seemed to say.

"Night came; the palace was flooded with light and colour and music. The King and Queen sat side by side at the feast, the nobles grouped about them in gorgeous, glittering clothes. I lay at the King's feet, my body pressed close against the ground; the letter's sharp edge cut into the flesh about my heart. . . . You, Rossi, stood behind her chair handing her food and wine. . . . She helped herself from the dishes . . . but her eyes, staring and strained, never wavered for an instant from the hanging tapestries that hid the outer doors. . . . I watched her from where I lay . . . it seemed in those hours as if I died a thousand deaths. I laughed and jested. . . . my wit was sharp that night. All the time the thought of my betrayal burnt into me like the sear of a branding-iron. My beloved lady would never know why I had failed her.

"As the night wore on, the crowds flocked and thronged about the Palace rooms. I did not dare to watch the doors. I would read the moment when it came in the Queen's tortured eyes. . . . But when the swift happening did come I did not see it, for there was a black mist before my eyes, and when they were clear again I saw the Queen was no longer there. In the excited uproar that followed, her messenger nudged me. . . . I followed him in a dream. . . .

"The Queen was alone in her apartment. Her voice was cold and smooth and even, but I heard no words she said. If they were scornful and cruel they did not wound me. It was as though a shield strong and shining stood between me and that piercing indictment, the love that flowed out warm and gushing from my heart turned aside harmlessly the fiery shaft of fury and hatred she flung at me in her outraged faith. . . . The room seemed to recede, grow dim, fade altogether . . . all my consciousness was centred in this exquisite emotion of love. I thought: 'How beautiful she is. . . . Let me drink my fill of her beauty, for I shall never see her again . . . never look into the depths of those candid eyes, or see the magic of her hair where it lifts like a bird's wing from her white forehead, never again watch that little pulse that beats in her slender throat . . .' In that moment I forgot my hideous dwarf's body.

I smiled at her. My whole soul smiled at her. She stepped back as if I had struck her, shrinking away in horror from my repulsive form. The smile born of my ecstasy was just a smirking grin on the poor fool's face. As if to defend herself from that obscene grin she snatched a long, jewelled pin from her hair and spitted me with it straight through the heart with as little compunction as she might have stabbed her needle through the silk of her embroidery. . . . Before I fell I had no time to warn her . . . but felt a little ease to know that her letter lay fast stitched to my jacket, and that my heart's blood might yet save her honoured name. And then you came, Rossi—her honour was as safe with you as it was with me—do you remember how you hid my body in the chest? But my jacket, my little blue-and-gold jacket . . . with the letter stitched inside . . . had slipped . . . had slipped . . ."

The voice in the darkness trailed to a weak whisper. "I am going, Rossi, help me. . . . I have no more power . . ."

Old Rufus struck a match with shaking fingers, reached up his hand and twisted the bracket tap. The jet of light roared up. The shop was empty. In a far corner a thudding crash of falling furniture suddenly shook the room. Trembling, the old man shuffled to where the chest lay on its side, half hidden in a mass of debris. He lifted the rotting lid, which fell from its hinges as he touched it, and peered into the empty space inside, scabrous with peeling paint. He touched it with his foot; the panels fell apart, crumbling into powder as they touched the floor. He lifted the little blood-stained jacket and carried it reverently to the inner room. Between its shredded folds his fingers felt, groping and palsied, till they grasped what they sought.

Two matches sufficed between the bars of the empty grate. . . . A tiny flame sprang up. . . . The icy room warmed to a rosy glow . . . The tattered shreds danced and twisted in the fire . . . with the curling spiral of blue smoke was mingled the scent of roses. . . . Somewhere out of the void there came a little sobbing sigh of relief.

THE END.



"As if to defend herself from that obscene grin she snatched a long, jewelled pin from her hair and spitted me with it straight through the heart with as little compunction as she might have stabbed her needle through the silk of her embroidery."

The Year in Sixteenth-Century Art: A Calendar for 1930.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



JANUARY: CHOPPING LOGS. SLEDGING.

Sunday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Monday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Tuesday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Wednesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Friday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Saturday	4	11	18	25



FEBRUARY: A TORCH-DANCE; BOWLING HOOPS.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	...
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22



MARCH: GARDENING; TREE-FELLING; A RATTLE GAME.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	30
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	...



APRIL: LOVERS IN A GARDEN; A GAME OF STOOLBALL.

Sunday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Monday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Thursday	3	10	17	24
Friday	4	11	18	25
Saturday	5	12	19	26

The delightful miniatures reproduced on this and the next two pages come from an early sixteenth-century Flemish Book of Hours, and illustrate pursuits of the period typical of each month in the year. We give them in conjunction with a Calendar for 1930. The whole series of twelve (in two sets of six) entitled "The Months' Occupations," is issued by the British Museum in the form of coloured post-cards—an interesting addition to its well-known publications of that type which make such charming and appropriate Christmas remembrances.

The Year in Early Sixteenth-Century Flemish Art:

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



MAY: A BOATING PARTY; ARCHERY.

Sunday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Monday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Tuesday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Wednesday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Thursday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Friday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Saturday	3	10	17	24	31	...



JUNE: A TOURNAMENT; HOBBY-HORSES.

Sunday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Monday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Tuesday	3	10	17	24
Wednesday	4	11	18	25
Thursday	5	12	19	26
Friday	6	13	20	27
Saturday	7	14	21	28



JULY: FALCONRY; HARVEST; CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

Sunday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Monday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Wednesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Thursday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Friday	4	11	18	25
Saturday	5	12	19	26



AUGUST: CORN HARVEST; COCK-THROWING.

Sunday	...	3	10	17	24	31
Monday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tuesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Wednesday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Thursday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Friday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30	...

The illuminated manuscript, now in the British Museum, from which these illustrations are reproduced, is a fragment of a Book of Hours executed at Bruges, early in the sixteenth century, by the famous miniaturist, Simon Bening, and his pupils. It consists of thirty vellum leaves, measuring 4½ × 3½ inches, now inlaid in paper and bound up as a volume, and includes also a portrait of St. Boniface of Lausanne, whose relics are

(Continued opposite.)

A Calendar for 1930—"The Months' Occupations."

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



SEPTEMBER: PLOUGHING, SOWING, MARBLES; STILTS.

Sunday	..	7	14	21	28	...
Monday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Wednesday	3	10	17	24
Thursday	4	11	18	25
Friday	5	12	19	26
Saturday	6	13	20	27



OCTOBER: VINTAGE; SKITTLES WITH KNUCKLE-BONES.

Sunday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Monday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Tuesday	...	7	14
Wednesday	1	8
Thursday	2	9
Friday	3	10
Saturday	4	11



NOVEMBER: RETURNING FROM THE CHASE; BOWLS.

Sunday	...	2	9	16	23	30
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	...



DECEMBER: PIG-KILLING; A TUG-OF-WAR ON SLEDGES.

Sunday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Monday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30	...
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31	...
Thursday	4	11	18	25
Friday	5	12	19	26
Saturday	6	13	20	27

Continued. preserved at Bruges, and scenes from the Passion. We give the miniatures for the first four months of the year on the preceding page. The text pages of the calendar in the manuscript, with drawings of Zodiacal signs and seasonal pastimes, are issued among the British Museum's numerous series of pictorial postcards, in monochrome.



A HAPPY THOUGHT

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4711. Eau de Cologne



"But look what I cost you!" said Pamela, holding up her necklace.



AMELA gave a little gasp of delight. "My dear Ronny!" she exclaimed. "How perfectly wonderful of you! . . . And they're the real thing, too. I can see that, dearest." A little note of hesitation wavered in her voice, and she added: "Aren't they?"

"The real thing," echoed Ronny quietly. Pamela held up the necklace for them both to admire, and over her pale face there crept a look of intense joy, such as Ronny had not seen for a long time. Somehow for the past few months they had both of them got out of the way of being glad about anything. After all, it isn't very cheering for a young husband to have an invalid for a wife. And it isn't very cheering for the young wife either. For two months now Pamela had been in bed, and there didn't seem to be much sign of improvement. Doctors had come, shaken their heads wisely, and then gone away. But none of them had been able to say exactly what it was that was wrong with her. "A nervous breakdown," had been mentioned. So had "general *malaise*." And there were other equally vague terms. But even if the diagnosis were correct, the cure seemed hard to seek. A great deal of time had gone by without any progress being made; and certainly a great deal of money had been spent—much more than they could afford. And yet there was no visible result. And Ronny was absolutely fed up.

Here they were, he reflected; been married scarcely two years, and there was this! He was as sorry as anyone could be for Pam. But what made him angry was the fact that no one seemed capable of doing anything to improve the state of affairs.

He was not well enough off to take her away to the South of France. Besides, he had a job to keep down. And meantime the days and weeks were slipping by. . . . It seemed such a waste of life, young life too! For Pam was only twenty-three, and she was always so full of zest for everything. It wasn't as if she deserved that this should happen to her. She hadn't led a fast life or indulged herself in any excess. In fact, she had only one passion (besides Ronny, of course), and that was for jewellery. Jewellery in general, and pearls in particular. Pearls were her favourite. And, anyway, a passion for jewellery could hardly cause illness—even if it were indulged to excess, which was very far from being the case with Pam. As a matter of fact, she possessed very little jewellery, in spite of her fondness for it. But then she could only be content with the real thing, and the real thing—well, Ronny was a long way from being a millionaire. Imitation stuff she abhorred; she seemed to hate it as much as she loved the genuine. It was a curious passion, but understandable. She knew that Ronny couldn't afford to buy her what she wanted, and she was not the sort to urge him to extravagance. She was content to go without, but at times she couldn't help being a little wistful about it.

And now, what had Ronny done. He had given her her heart's desire—a real pearl necklace! He had come into her room that evening as usual after his return from the City, and just flung the thing carelessly on the bed—as if it had been the evening paper! "My dear!" she exclaimed, after her first excitement was over, "how naughty of you to have spent all this money! It must have ruined you!"

"If it pleases you—" Ronny began, but did not finish his sentence. "Oh, Ronny," she murmured, holding his hand in hers, "I don't know what to say. It's wonderful of you to have thought of doing this. And, after all, that's what really matters—that you should have thought of doing it. I value that more than anything. Why did you do it?"

"Thought you'd like it," grunted Ronny.

"I'm a very extravagant wife, aren't I, Ronny?" she asked.

"No, you're not extravagant."

"But look what I cost you!" said Pamela, holding up her necklace.

Ronny shrugged his shoulders, and made a little grimace. "Do you like them?" he asked.

"I do," she replied simply; but the two words were full of meaning. "Why *did* you get them for me, Ronny?"

"Because I love you," he replied, equally simply.

There was no doubt that the next few weeks saw a decided improvement in Pamela. Whether to put it down to the pearls or not, Ronny couldn't be sure, but it certainly dated from the day he had given them to her. The charm was acting as he had meant it to act. Whereas, before, her mind had been a kind of blank and nothing had seemed worth while, now, on the other hand, she had something to think about, something to look forward to. She longed to be able to go out with Ronny, and wear her pearls. It was a simple, straightforward, almost crude,

desire; and yet it got hold of her as nothing else had seemed to. The desire imparted something of its strength to her weak body, and slowly but surely she began to get better. Ronny was delighted. He thought how clever he had been, when everybody else had failed. But then, he knew her, as no one else could know her.

One day during her convalescence Pamela asked Ronny how much he had paid for the necklace. It was a question that had been on the tip of her tongue for some time, but one that she had always hesitated to ask. Ronny smiled and said nothing. "Tell me, Ronny," persisted Pam. "Not much," replied Ronny.

"It must have been a great deal more than you can afford. They're real pearls. How much was it, Ronny?"

Again he smiled. "You just enjoy them, old thing," he said. "And if they've helped to make you well again, they're worth all they cost and a dashed sight more." And there the conversation ended.

Whether by reason of the pearl necklace which she was looking forward to wearing, or of the spring which seemed to have crept into her blood, within a month Pamela was up and about, quite her old self again.

II.

Two months later, the blow fell. Their house in Kensington was burgled, and the necklace taken. Pamela was plunged into gloom. The one thing that of all her possessions was the most precious! And now it was gone. She knew well enough that there was no hope of ever getting it back again. Pearls were easy things for any thief to get rid of. She would never see that necklace again.

And to think what it had meant to her! How proud she had been every time she had worn it! How much her friends had admired it! She remembered her Aunt Fanny saying what a lucky girl she was (and Aunt Fanny had wondered vaguely where the money had come from). Even Julia Marsh had admired it, and Julia wasn't one to admire such things usually. Yes, it had been a lovely necklace. And now it was gone! Pamela sobbed whenever she thought of it, and, as she could hardly get it out of her mind, her days were being spoilt and Ronny thought she was going to be ill again. One evening, about a week after the burglary, Ronny got back rather later than usual from the City. Pamela greeted him sadly, and heaved a sigh. "The man from the insurance company came here this afternoon," she said.

"Yes?" said Ronny quickly. "Well?"

"I gave him particulars of all the things that were taken, except the necklace," she replied. "I couldn't do that, because you didn't tell me—"

"No, all right!" snapped Ronny, rather angrily. "We can't do anything about that, anyway: it wasn't specially insured."

"But, Ronny," exclaimed Pamela, "do you mean to say that we're going to lose all that money! It's—it's unthinkable!"



"Thinkable or not, old thing," replied Ronny, "it's gone and we can't get it back. So it's no good crying about it. Perhaps I'll get another necklace for you—"

"Why, I wouldn't dream of letting you get me another like that, Ronny. Besides, I'm sure the company will allow us something, at any rate, if it's only a hundred pounds. I'm going to talk to the man again, if you won't—"

At that moment, there came a knock on the door and the maid entered: "A gentleman to see you, Sir, from the Central Insurance Company." "Show him in," said Pamela quickly, and the maid retired.

"But I say—" began Ronny.

"It's all right, dear," explained Pamela. "I told him to come again this evening, when you were in, so that he could take particulars of the necklace. I thought—"

"How ridiculous of you!" frowned Ronny. "Why on earth didn't you consult me before doing a thing like that?"

"But, dearest, what possible harm—"

But at that moment the door opened and Mr. Denyer, of the Central Insurance Company, walked in.

"Good evening, Madam. Good evening, Sir. Mrs. Gaymer said something about a pearl necklace—"

"It wasn't specially insured," cut in Ronny, "and therefore I can't claim for it."

"I see," said the man. "In that case—"

"But surely," interrupted Pamela, "your firm will do something, Mr. Denyer? . . ."

"Tell me—then," sobbed Pamela through her tears. Ronny said nothing.

"You don't love me," went on Pamela. "You *can't*, otherwise you'd tell me."

Ronny bit his lip. Pamela continued to sob. At length he could stand it no longer. "All right," he said quietly, "I'll tell you, if you'll stop crying."

Pamela immediately dried her tears and sat up. There was a pause. "Well?" she said. "I'm waiting."

"Well," said Ronny, "you've asked for it, you know. That necklace cost me exactly three pounds!"

"Three pounds!" gasped Pamela.

"Three pounds," repeated Ronny firmly.

"But how on earth . . . could they be genuine pearls for . . ."

"They weren't genuine," said Ronny coolly. "They were artificial. The man in the shop said no one but an expert would be able to tell the difference, and no one has."

Pamela became very pale, and sank down once more on the chesterfield. "Artificial!" she repeated in a low voice. "Then it's been only a—a sham!"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Ronny, in the same steady and rather steely voice.

"I mean," went on Pamela, almost tonelessly, "that you've deceived me, and made me deceive everybody else . . ."

"You can put it that way if you like," replied Ronny. "But listen to me, Pam, and I'll tell you something. When I got you



The door burst open and the maid came running in. "Oh, Madam, here are your pearls! The burglar didn't get 'em after all."

"They can't do anything!" snapped Ronny.

"But we could get something on it, couldn't we, Mr. Denyer?" persisted Pamela. "You see, it was the most valuable thing we had."

"What was it worth?" asked Denyer. Pamela looked at Ronny.

"I don't know," he said curtly. "I didn't keep the receipt. Besides, I don't propose to claim."

"But—" began Pamela again. But Ronny was not prepared to stand any more.

"If that's all, I'll bid you good evening, Mr. Denyer," he said, and held the door open. With a slight bow, and an inward feeling of considerable surprise, Mr. Denyer left the room. As soon as he had gone, Pamela faced her husband squarely.

"Now perhaps you'll explain," she exclaimed.

"There's nothing to explain," replied Ronny calmly. "I've forgotten how much the necklace cost, and I happen to have lost the receipt. And in any event, as I said before, the thing wasn't specially insured, and we couldn't get anything for it. What further explanation do you want?"

"I want much more explanation than that," answered Pamela quietly. "I want to know what's behind your whole attitude. I want to know why you're making such a secret of where this necklace came from. It must have cost you a great deal of money, and I don't see how you can possibly have forgotten what you gave for it. Where did you get it?" "Hickory's."

"How much did you give for it?" "I shan't tell you!"

"Ronny," continued Pamela, eyeing him very steadily. "I'm serious. I want you to tell me how much you gave for that necklace."

"And I'm serious too," retorted her husband. "I refuse to tell you." For a moment they faced each other in silence. Then Pamela gave way. She burst into tears, and, subsiding on to the chesterfield, she half lay there, sobbing. If there was one thing Ronny was not proof against, it was Pamela's tears.

"Come, Pam," he urged, touching her on the shoulder. "Don't cry like that. It isn't worth it."

those pearls, my object was not to deceive you—it was to please you. . . ." She was about to interrupt him, but he held up his hand.

"I wanted to please you," he continued, "because I saw that you wanted pleasing. I saw that you wanted dragging out of yourself. I thought a pearl necklace would do the trick, and it did. In a sense, that necklace cured you. The joy that you felt was genuine joy: the pleasure that necklace gave you was real. And now, by a bit of bad luck, you've found out that the pearls were not. Well, that can't make the joy that you've experienced any less genuine, the pleasure any less real. . . . Do you remember saying to me one day that what you valued most was my thought in buying you the necklace? . . . Does the value of the gift make any difference to the thought?"

Pamela looked up at him, but said nothing. "Pam," he said, stretching out his hands to her, "suppose you suddenly found that I wasn't the genuine article, would you drop me?"

"No, Ronny," answered Pamela simply, "I don't think I could, now."

"And yet I'm only what you think I am—what I appear to be in your eyes."

"But you don't understand—" began Pamela, when suddenly the door burst open and the maid came running in.

"Oh, Madam, here are your pearls! The burglar didn't get 'em, after all. It struck me sudden-like that they might have slipped behind the little drawer in the dressing-table. So I went up to look and there they were!" She held the necklace up.

Pamela gave a little gasp of joy and seized the necklace.

When they were alone again, Ronny grinned at Pamela. "Well, Pam," he said, "going to chuck 'em away?"

"Of course not, Ronny!" retorted Pam. "How absurd of you! It's impossible to tell the difference. Besides, if I say they're real pearls—they *are*—so there!"

[THE END.]



A Porcelain Guinevere.

*The Story of
Clementina
Sobieski.*

*Retold from Original Sources
by Dorothy Margaret Stuart*

BETWEEN Arthur, King of Britain, and James Francis Edward, the "King over the water," the points of resemblance were few. James never wore a large golden beard; he never defeated his foes in battle, nor did he ever enjoy the friendship of a *pukka* wizard like Merlin; and, though a certain amount of mystery surrounded his birth, his death was unmarked by marvels, and the place of his sepulture was well known. Yet when he had found a far-off bride he imitated Arthur in this—that he sent one of his most attractive liegemen to "fetch her hame." Here the parallel ends—luckily for James! The Irish Lancelot, instead of hanging round the wedded Guinevere to her undoing and his own, took leave of her on her marriage and never looked upon her face again. And so Clementina Sobieski fulfilled a guil less if distressful destiny as the wife of the Old Pretender and the mother of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

In 1718, when he was thirty years of age, James decided to look for a wife. This news was received with alarm in England, where the uncouth form of the Elector of Hanover had been planted for only four years upon the throne, and where even the fiasco of the Scottish rising in 1715 had not quenched the last sparks of Jacobite feeling. While James remained an ineffectual bachelor these sparks glowed fitfully enough; but, if once he were to marry and beget a legitimist Prince of Wales, George I. and his Whig Ministers feared that there might be a conflagration. Their relief was proportionately great when they heard that his efforts to secure the hand of a Russian Princess had proved vain. Then, early in

1719, came tidings that Prince James Sobieski, son of the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, had been persuaded to sanction the betrothal of his youngest daughter, Clementina, to the melancholic exile then leading a shabby and dejected life under pontifical patronage in Rome.

James's agent in these successful negotiations had been Charles Wogan, an Irish soldier of fortune, formerly an officer in Dillon's famous regiment. The English Government had already been made conscious of Wogan's existence. After the Jacobite disaster at Preston

in 1715 he had been one of the fifteen prisoners who escaped from Newgate, and—which was worse—one of the seven who had eluded recapture. In the proper fairy-tale tradition he had chosen the third of three possible Princesses; but there he broke away from the rules of the old game, since he chose her not for himself, but for another. It was an excellent alliance from the Jacobite point of view. Clementina was related through her mother to the head of the Holy Roman Empire, and she brought with her as a dowry not only the very acceptable sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, but also three

historic rubies and the magnificent bed presented to John Sobieski by the grandees of the Empire, with its curtains of Smyrna brocade embroidered in turquoise and pearl.

George I. was furious. And so faithfully did the English Ambassador at Vienna convey his master's sentiments to his Imperial Majesty, that orders were given to the effect that the two Sobieski Princesses should be arrested at Innsbruck and held captive in the castle there till further notice. These commands were duly obeyed, but the captivity of the ladies was not excessively rigorous. They were even allowed to give audience to a French chapman who had arrived in the Tyrol laden with such wares as ladies love. Meanwhile, the perturbed James had betaken himself to Spain, whence a naval attack was to be launched against England by that incorrigible fisher in troubled waters, Cardinal Alberoni.

The "French chapman" was none other than Charles Wogan, who had embarked upon the hazardous undertaking of rescuing the young Princess and carrying her off to Italy. After a preliminary

talk with the Sobieski ladies, he proceeded to the execution of his plan. To aid him he enlisted three kinsmen of his own, Major Gaydon, Captain Misset, and Captain O'Toole, all officers in Dillon's regiment. Misset's young wife, though in a condition which made travelling peculiarly arduous, agreed to accompany them in order to chaperon Clementina; and she took with her Jeanneton, her maid, the gigantic daughter of a grenadier and a *vivandière*. Armed with Papal passports made out in false names, the little troop reached the



THE WIFE OF THE OLD PRETENDER AND THE MOTHER OF "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE":
A portrait entitled "Mary Clementina, Queen of England (consort of King James III.) b. 1702 d. 1735,"
by Nicolas de Largillière (1656-1746).

vicinity of Innsbruck on April 23, 1719, O'Toole riding ahead in disguise with letters for Châteaudoux, the *maître d'hôtel* of the elder Princess. These letters gave Wogan's final instructions to Clementina. She was to feign indisposition and retire to bed. Jeanneton, wearing a heavy riding-hood, was to be smuggled into the castle at midnight. Then the Princess was to don the riding-hood and steal out into the darkness, where Wogan would await her, while Jeanneton would replace her between the closely drawn curtains of the bed. It all sounded charmingly simple.

Châteaudoux's reply was brought by a Polish page called Konski, and contained the disquieting news that the Princess of Baden had arrived with her son, who was George the First's candidate for Clementina's hand. All the more reason for prompt action, argued Wogan. Therefore, at half-past eleven on a snowy night, he and Jeanneton crept out of the inn together. It required all his native tact to keep the damsel in a good humour. She had strongly objected to exchanging her favourite high-heeled shoes for the flat slippers necessary to reduce her height to something approaching Clementina's, and the chance sound of the word "Princess" had made her suspect that the lady whom she was to impersonate was not, as she had been assured, a German heiress betrothed to Captain O'Toole. As she struggled through the blizzard on Wogan's arm the exasperated daughter of the grenadier and the *vivandière* muttered imprecations borrowed from the vocabularies of both her parents.

The sentry posted before the castle at Innsbruck had taken refuge from the storm in a tavern hard by. The door yielded to Wogan's hand, and within all was darkness, the staircase showing vaguely by the pallid reflection of the snow outside. Then Jeanneton was swallowed up by the shadows, and Wogan, with a wildly beating heart, made his way to the spot where he had sent word to "the German lady" that he would await her. The moon had set; the snow was still falling. Every minute seemed an eternity. Had the sentry returned? Had Jeanneton been unmasked? Was all lost? Wogan started violently as a hand was slipped through his arm. It was the hand of Clementina Sobieski.

Twenty-four years later the memory of their walk through the snow was vivid in Wogan's memory. He remembered how she had graciously pitied his bedraggled state, and how he had been too perturbed to thank her. No doubt he remembered—though he left it to another to record it—how in his confusion he had led her into a puddle of slush and straw, mistaking the clotted patches of snow for stepping-stones. He remembered how, when they reached the inn, she threw back her hood, and the faithful Jacobites gathered there fell on their knees before her. Of that little company only Wogan had seen her already. He had not exaggerated much when he had told the others that she was beautiful. Fresh-tinted, diminutive, delicate, she was like a pretty image in porcelain. Her hair fell in long ringlets over her shoulders, her eyes were eloquent, the curve of her full red mouth was both merry and kind. And she had the threefold charm of youth, courage, and helplessness.

Before daybreak they set off for the Brenner, where Misset was to meet them. With him was an Italian *valet de chambre*, Michele Vezzosi, who had aided Lord Nithsdale to escape from the Tower four years earlier—a very appropriate auxiliary! O'Toole was obliged to run back to the inn and retrieve Clementina's jewels, which Konski had flung down in a corner, and which the Herculean Irishman, with a prowess worthy of Porthos, reached only by heaving the inn door off its hinges.

And then began that interminable and perilous journey through the Trentino into Venetian territory, that journey which Wogan remembered all his life, and which one feels somehow that Clementina did not soon forget. There was the stage when Misset and O'Toole

were left behind, armed with ropes and pistols, to intercept the inevitable messenger bearing orders to the Governors of Trent and Reveredo to stop the fugitives, and when they found that their simplest plan was to make the pestilent fellow dead drunk. There were the stages—more than two or three—when broken axles hampered their flight, and when plough-horses had to be harnessed to the lumbering coach because the discomfited Princess of Baden, travelling a little ahead, had seized every post-horse available. There was the narrowly averted collision with a recklessly driven wagon on a precipice high above the Adige. There was the long halt at Trent where the Princess, fearing recognition, sat huddled in a corner of the horseless carriage while her friends ranged the city in quest of a fresh team. There was the time when Clementina fell asleep with her head against Wogan's knee.

The frontier between Imperial and Venetian territory was crossed not in a coach-and-four, but in a lumbering two-wheeled cart, large enough to hold only Clementina and Mrs. Misset. Wogan walked beside them, trying to steady the ramshackle conveyance with his hand. And so from the snow-smitten heights of the Brenner the Princess descended to the flowery plain where spring awaited her.

Spring—but no James! The bridegroom was still far away in Spain. Though the Spanish fleet, upon which so much depended, had been scattered by a storm, and the projected attack upon Hanoverian England was "off," James lingered on Spanish territory in his characteristic pig-headed, dismal, fatalistic way. The Earl of Dunbar had to act as proxy for his master when the formal betrothal took place at Bologna on May 9. Wogan was one of the witnesses; and when James at last appeared, and the marriage was solemnised on September 1, at Montefiascone, Wogan was among those who signed the certificate. Thereafter he turned his back resolutely upon Italy. The Pope made him a Senator of Rome; the Pretender made him—or did what he could to make him—a baronet of the United Kingdom; but he preferred to take service in the French Army again.

Did the porcelain Guinevere ever regret that Irish Lancelot of hers who was made of stuff so much sterner than

porcelain? It was not until after her death in 1735 that James began to wonder whether, perhaps, his bride had not been quite as heart-whole when that perilous springtime journey ended as she was when it began. But then he was suspicious and self-distrustful, as all melancholy men are, and the last years of Clementina's life had been clouded by ill-health, by instability of mind, and by a somewhat hectic and hysterical piety.

Ten years later—indeed, in that very '45 so fateful for Clementina's son, Charles Edward—the Chevalier Wogan drew up an account of the now famous transit of the Polish Princess from Innsbruck to Bologna in 1719. The document was addressed to Marie Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV., herself a Pole, and therefore naturally inclined to sympathise with the Sobieskis.

The Irish adventurer seems to find it bitter-sweet to re-live those strange hours of terror and hardship, laughter and tears, and to evoke from the distant shadows the girlish figure for whose sake he had dared and done so much. No later impression blurred that charming image. He never saw what disillusionment and hope deferred did to mar that mobile face. He says that he hears that the Sacred College is engaged upon the preliminaries for her beatification, and that one may therefore hope to see her picture some day upon the altars of the Church. The activities of their Eminences soon languished, however, and at last lapsed for good. No counterfeit presentment of Blessed Clementina Sobieski has ever been set up for the veneration of the faithful. But she had her shrine in the heart of one unforgetting Irishman; and it seems unlikely that votive candles were ever lacking there.

THE END.



The faithful Jacobites gathered there fell on their knees before her.

From the Water-colour by E. Wallcousins.

THE CHRISTMAS



BIRD'S

CUSTARD



IN THE CELESTIAL DOMINIONS OF GOLBASTO MOMAREN EVLAME GURDILO
SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, MOST MIGHTY EMPEROR:

LEMUEL GULLIVER, THE "GREAT MAN-MOUNTAIN," IN MILDENDO, THE METROPOLIS OF LILLIPUT.



Brother Gregory was like a centaur, even to the point of being large, strong & hairy.

No one disliked the Centaur, and yet he was always unfortunate. He was wise, yet simple; pious, yet an animal; strong, yet frustrated.
Brother Gregory was like a Centaur, even to the point of being large, strong, and hairy.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT

(Author of "The Unhurrying Chase" and "The Lost Fight").

Illustrated by E. OSMOND.



ACENTAUR was a noble beast. He combined, as everybody knows, the strength and swiftness of a horse with the kindliness and counsel of a man. No one disliked the Centaur, and yet he was always unfortunate. He was wise, yet simple; pious, yet an animal; strong, yet frustrated. Brother Gregory was like a Centaur, even to the point of being large, strong, and hairy. He had a broad, healthily red face, with wide nostrils, and a big happy smile. He took his sins, such as they were, very seriously.

One evening in June, at the time of the hay harvest, when evenings are sweetest, he came striding down the pebbly path from Burnt Ash Wood to the Abbey, walking so fiercely that the pebbles flew out from under his feet. He had a scythe on his shoulder, the blade like a clean clear curve of water falling from a spring, and he carried it as though it were a reed.

There is one place in that path from which a man sees below him, quite suddenly, the Abbey, which before has been hidden by a line of ragged, top-heavy elms. When Brother Gregory reached it he stopped, and stood, frowning. When he had stared at it for a minute, he looked round as though he wanted help or counsel, but there was only an old white horse grazing near. It was useless to try to explain to that what he was suffering from. The old horse switched his tail and grazed without lifting his head. Brother Gregory sighed and strode on.

Joseph, the porter of the Abbey, a little blunt-nosed man with fiery hair just fading to silver, sat in front of the mud and wattle gate-house. He was ready to pass the time of day with anyone, but Gregory went by him without a word or look, and with such a thrust that it seemed as though he feared the gate was not wide enough for him.

Joseph looked after him, and spat on the ground. "That Brother Gregory!" he said. "That's what comes of knights turned monk. Hollo, Brother Clement! How are the chicks? Have the rats got any more?"

Brother Clement, who was shrivelled and dry outside, but as young as a baby within, stopped in the gateway and set down his basket of

eggs. "Only two gone to-day," he said, and crinkled up his eyes in a smile.

The porter nodded, then went back to his grievance, jerking a curved and stubby thumb over his shoulder. "It's a pity they aren't all like you," he said. "I like a man who will give a civil word. I've been here thirty years; the Abbot he always says, 'Joseph, you're a good servant and a good fellow. I like to see you at the gate.' He's a gentleman, and so are you; but that Brother Gregory!"

Brother Clement picked up his basket again, and swept his hand softly over the piled eggs as though he were blessing them. He shook his head gently. "Oh, no!" he said. "Oh, no! . . . Joseph, I have often wondered how he ever got into this little Abbey: he's so big." The twinkle changed to a little laugh, as though he laughed at himself for a silly old man. He paused still, swinging the basket.

"It must be very, very hard for a man like Brother Gregory," he said after a minute. "I can remember how it is, very well. It's well enough at first, but after you are used to it—and before you're so used to it that you don't notice it (do you understand, Joseph?)—it's very hard then. I remember how it was, and I was never like Brother Gregory"—again the same shy smile—"he's so big, and strong, and—and like a horse galloping."

He went away, scurrying, as though he feared that Joseph would laugh at him, and Joseph had to shout after him a piece of news, hoarded, and then forgotten in the talk about Brother Gregory. "Brother Clement," cried Joseph, "the new Precentor is come from York, and a Brother with him. They say he's a wonder with his painting."

"Oh, good! Good!" said Brother Clement vaguely, and toddled on again. Joseph looked after him with a compassionate shrug. "Funny old devil!" he said.

Brother Gregory, meanwhile, having stacked his scythe with an angry clatter in the cellarer's office, swung out, on his way to the cloister to wash his hands. In the low doorway he all but ran into a monk—a stranger. . . . No, by the Mass, not a stranger! Both stood for a moment, staring.

It was Richard of Easingwold. A wisp of his pale hair showed under his cowl, his nose was as long and pointed as ever, and his mouth as prim. "Gregory!" he said.

Gregory moved back a step, then suddenly came on. Richard did the only thing possible, and stepped aside, while Gregory plunged by him like a bull through a gate.

In the cloister Gregory kept up a pretence of industry, but in reality he did little good. His place was near the corner of the cloister, at the north end of the western walk, and right beside one of the arches. If he leaned out over the parapet ever so little, and looked across the corner of the cloister garth, he could see, above a clump of borage, blue as the blue of heaven in a missal-picture, Richard of Easingwold framed in the further archway like a saint. They had set him to work at a miniature in a service book, and he stooped over it, his pale hair like a thin straw thatch, the tip of his tongue peeping out of the corner of his mouth as he caught it between his teeth.

Every now and then, and oftener and oftener as the hours passed, Gregory must lean aside to look, and every time he looked the old, newly-awakened dislike grew. It was worse now than dislike. It was an angry, helpless scorn, that filled all his mind with a sort of mental itch. He forgot, for the moment, how yesterday he had hated the Abbey. It had been a place of peace till Richard came. Why had he come? Curse him! Curses bubbled up in Gregory's mind as though it were a pot, and Richard the fire below it.

Gregory leaned and looked again, and ground his teeth together. Richard had always been intolerable, and here he was. . . . In the disorder of Gregory's mind something loomed up, a huge discomfort that grew to a fear; he knew no more than that when the bell interrupted him.

It was time for Vespers. Everyone in the cloister got up and began to be busy setting things to rights—siding away books and benches and water-pots. Gregory, when he had done his part, watched Richard's head among all the heads that bobbed up and down like fishermen's floats.

After Vespers, and while they waited for supper, Gregory turned his back on everyone, and, leaning against the parapet, stared into the myriad little dark polished leaves of a rosemary bush in the cloister garden. There was something in his mind which he must understand.

In the next archway Brother Clement and Brother Jocelin were talking, both old men and fast friends. Brother Clement said, leaning out into the sunshine: "That box-hedge has grown. Look how well it shades the sage. Do you remember how Brother Jude and Brother James quarrelled over it? Jude, he would have it there for the sage, and James said it would spoil the rosemary."

"It didn't, anyway," put in Brother Jocelin. "Look at it!"

Brother Clement leaned further out to look at the flourishing bushes. He smiled encouragement at them, then sighed. "Brother Jude died first," he said, "and then James. They never saw the box-hedge anything but a little one. Jude would be pleased with it now."

Gregory, who had been staring at the box-hedge as though it were more terribly portentous than the burning bush, started away suddenly from where he stood. Two dead Brothers and a box-hedge which one of them had planted, and which had outlived both! That was all, but he knew now what the fear was which had grown in his mind, darkening it like a thunderstorm.

Yesterday he had hated the Abbey. To-day he had hated Richard. Now he knew that Richard and the Abbey were the claws of a pair of pincers that held and squeezed him. He was caught in the Abbey which he hated, with Brother Richard whom he hated, and so it would continue till one or other of them died.

Next morning, as the rule went, the monks filed into the little square chapter-house and took their places on the raised benches round the walls. It was dark here, and cool, after the sunshine in the cloister garden, but the scents of thyme and sweet basil and mint crept in, mingling, on little wayward drifts of air, and when all the monks were still, they could hear the bees busy among the lavender-bushes.

The Abbot came in and took his seat, the novices outside crowded across both doorways, and the daily business began. Brother Gregory, his hood well over his eyes, watched, like a beast in ambush, the face of Richard of Easingwold, who was set down, with the new Precentor, at the Abbot's right hand. He heard nothing of the reading or of the business, and saw nothing but that face, so that when Richard moved from his place he started in his seat, and stared to left and right as if to ask what was afoot.

He soon knew. Down the line of monks opposite moved the two new Brothers—first, the new Precentor, then Richard. From each monk the newcomers received the welcome of a brother and the kiss of peace. Brother Gregory's eyes followed Richard, and never left him.

He came closer, closer still up the line, kissed the monk next to Gregory, and now they were facing each other. Richard leaned forward, laying his hands on Gregory's shoulders. Gregory jerked his head aside as Richard's face came close. "Not if I were damned for it!" he muttered into Richard's cowl.

Brother Gregory thought that he was honest when he acknowledged to himself that his was a life sentence, but he was not. For days an impossible, irrational hope, that was more like a desperate rebellion than any theological virtue, struggled for life against a final surrender. Its struggles were very painful; so was its death by strangulation; and so, too, was the state of despair that succeeded it.

He was most wretched at night. Lying sleepless in the dormitory he would prop himself up on his elbow to stare at the sharp dividing line

of light and shade that the moonlight cut across the floor. He could not free his eye from running up and down that line, just as he could not free his mind from travelling painfully up and down the narrow, fixed way of the years to come—himself and Richard for ever in the Abbey.

Lying there wakeful, he would long for the sound of Brother John shuffling into his night-boots, before he went off to ring the bell for Prime. Yet, when they all trooped down, a silent troop of cowls and shrouding gowns, Brother Gregory had to drive his nails into the palms of his hands. It was so slow, so dark, so suffocating, that silent march. Down in the cloister, where two cressets shone like red eyes, and the line of cowls in front, barely visible, went up and down like dark water moving under a dark sky, he felt that he was being swept away, drowning and choking in a black river. And even in church it was no better, since he could not pray.

Some of the Brothers wondered why, when it was not Lent or any other fast, Brother Gregory should live on half his pittance. Brother John, who had a sharp tongue, said that he wished there were a little less holiness in the Abbey, if fasting made such ill-tempered saints.

Brother Gregory never heard himself discussed, because, whenever he was free, he escaped to the church or to the fields. In the church he tried to wring out, from his sore soul, prayers for charity and brotherly love; in the fields he cut down the swathes of hay as if they were the hosts of the Enemy. But wherever he went, and whatever he did, Brother Richard grew more utterly hateful than ever.

One afternoon, going off to the fields for his regular work, Gregory halted at the gate-house, turning to stare over his shoulder at Brother Richard, who stood, his head bowed, talking to the fussy old cellarer. Gregory dragged his eyes away at last, and turned to meet those of Joseph. Joseph forgot that he disliked Brother Gregory. "We didn't want these outsiders in the Abbey," he said, tipping his head back towards Richard. His eyes said a good deal more.

Gregory nodded, and watched Richard turn his back and go off towards the brew-house. Then he came closer to Joseph, in his distress snatching at something, which till this minute he had not known that he longed for—the opportunity of talking of his trouble.

He plunged right into the midst of it. "I've known him since we were lads," he said in an urgent whisper, his mouth close to Joseph's ear, as if he spoke of a murder to be done. "He's younger than I; I've thrashed him often. But when we were grown there were troubles. He claimed a village. My father had it. They went to law, and Richard of Easingwold claimed the duel. You see? I had broke my leg; my father was an old man; they fought. Richard won. And after, I would have fought him, but he wouldn't take a challenge. I'd have struck him in the Market Place so that he'd have to have fought, but his fellows were all about, and they mauled me. I never got a chance of getting at him. Then another time I was waiting for him, but his horse fell and hurt him, so I couldn't then. You see how it was. Always he was like a fish—right through my fingers. And now—now he's come after me here."

[Continued overleaf.]



Joseph was sitting on his stool. . . . Gregory caught him by the shoulder. . . .
"Joseph," he said, "can you get me two swords?"

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He stopped and drew back, breathing hard, and stared at Joseph, finding no words to explain all that that meant. Joseph's head had been nodding solemnly throughout Gregory's story. He looked up now. "I know which of you would win if you *were* to fight," he said with a grin.

Gregory's mouth slowly opened, but for a minute he only gazed at Joseph, as though he had never seen him before. "If?" he said in a strange, small voice. "If? . . . We're monks. And that's his doing, too. . . . If? . . ."

He turned his head and looked about vaguely, his eyes straying over the familiar place. Then he raised his hand and struck himself suddenly on the breast. "I'm a monk," he cried, and broke away without another word. Joseph watched him striding off up the hill as though all the devils were after him.

"The Abbey," said Joseph to himself after long consideration, "the Abbey won't hold those two long." He lost himself in gloomy forebodings which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was interrupted by Brother Clement, very ready for a gossip. He had just been talking to Brother Richard in the brew-house yard, and he was troubled and needed comfort. Joseph

He hated, had always hated, Richard, and now they were Brothers, tied to a vow of obedience and a little abbey in a narrow valley. But Joseph had said: "If!"

The sun was hot on his head as he lay; the scent of the meadowsweet heavy and cloying; the myriad grass stalks seemed myriad enemies. He leapt up suddenly, and stood, staring about him like a startled horse. He took two steps, checked, then on again at a furious pace, down the hill towards the Abbey.

Joseph was sitting on his stool in the shade of the gatehouse. Gregory caught him by the shoulder. "Joseph," he said, and at the sound of his voice and the look on his face, Joseph leapt up. Gregory put his mouth close to his ear. "Joseph," he said, "can you get me two swords?"

Next morning Brother Richard left the monastery behind him just as the sun rose beyond the hills. It was so early that Joseph had to be brought out to unlock the gate, and he did it slowly, with many yawns and a very bad grace.

Outside, the whole world seemed to be freshly made, and empty of mankind. The hills were a clear green against the clear blue of the sky;



Even in Church it was no better, since he could not pray. ■■■■■

And even in church it was no better, since he could not pray. . . . In the church he tried to wring out, from his sore soul, prayers for charity and brotherly love; . . . But wherever he went, and whatever he did, Brother Richard grew more utterly hateful than ever.

was a sensible man, a practical man, always in touch with the outside world. Brother Clement therefore appealed to him.

He spoke first of Brother Richard. "Poor lad," he called him, and went on to explain to Joseph that Richard's wife had died of the plague two years back, and his little son too. "'Such a lovely boy,' he told me," said Brother Clement, and sighed. Then he came closer, and laid a thin wrinkled hand on Joseph's hairy wrist.

"And listen!" he said, almost whispering. "There's another thing he told me. Brother Gregory hates him, and won't let him alone. Brother Richard says he's always following, and watching, and lurking. Brother Richard," his voice sank lower still, "Brother Richard, he's afraid!—Joseph, Brother Gregory couldn't do anything, could he? Nothing will happen, will it?"

That was his appeal for help, and Joseph was equal to meeting it. "Happen?" he said, loudly and heartily. "Of course not."

Brother Clement, comforted, drifted on a few steps, then came back. "Brother Richard says Brother Gregory hates him for marrying the woman he wanted. That's why Brother Gregory is a monk. Poor things! Poor things!" He left Joseph more full of meditation than ever.

Gregory should have gone down to the hayfield, but instead he climbed the hill, and finding a dry ditch, flung himself down, screened by the meadowsweet and valerian. He lay there on his face, not still for long, but rolling to and fro, plucking and tearing at the grass-roots with his fingers, and digging his nails into the raw soil, everything that he had repressed freed beyond hope of control by those few words with Joseph.

the dew was thick everywhere, even the larks were hardly awake yet, and no winds were astir. The ripening corn stood steady, and no ripple of movement touched the lightly poised heads of the meadow grasses.

Richard carried on his arm a big open basket. This time of day, before the dew was gone, was the best for gathering flowers for the making of pigments. He walked slowly, glancing this way and that, so as not to miss anything which might be useful. What he chiefly needed was ivy for the red of the Magdalen's robe; then King David must have a yellow curtain behind his throne—ragwort for that; and up in Burnt Ash Wood he would find dog's mercury in plenty for King Solomon's blue gown.

He climbed the stile into the wood, and stood still a minute, listening to the silence, and seeing the peace of it. A stoat slid across the path, a woodpecker worked away, monotonously insistent, but otherwise everything was still; and overhead the beech leaves made a pattern of delicate green mosaic on the blue roof above. He went down on his knees among the dog's mercury, and began to gather it diligently.

He had not been at it for five minutes when another man came hastily over the stile. His monk's frock was girt up to the knee, and he carried a scythe over his shoulder, and two swords under his arm. He came up close, and stood over Brother Richard. Richard got to his feet slowly, and for a minute they stood silent, looking at each other.

Then Brother Gregory jerked out one sword from under his arm and flung it down at Richard's feet. The fresh green leaves swallowed it like water. "Take it up," said Gregory, and ran the other out of its sheath.

[Continued on page xi.]

Richard stepped back, but he did not obey. "Why? Why?" he cried. "I will not. I am vowed. You, too."

Gregory rested the point of his sword on the ground, and laid his hands upon the quillons of the hilt. "Truss up your frock and take the sword," he ordered in a matter-of-fact voice. Then he suddenly shouted: "Take it up or I'll strike without mercy."

Richard of Easingwold had put his clenched hands behind him, as if to keep them from the sword, but he was not brave enough to face unarmed the sudden and monstrous fury of that cry. He stooped, snatched up the sword, and drew. Next moment they were at it, scaring all the wild things in the quiet wood.

Gregory shouted once, and did not know he shouted, as, like a smith, he struck and struck again on Richard's guard. The swords jarred and tiny sparks leapt. Gregory felt the life of the blade in his hand, and the tingle of each stroke as it ran up his arm. He laughed deep in his chest. This was good. He was alive again after six years. He fainted, and struck again, smiling into Richard's eyes.

Six years in an abbey spoils a man's eye and hand. Richard had the advantage since he had worn and used a sword till eighteen months ago. He parried, and struck. The sword edge fell on Gregory's shoulder where the cowl lay in thick folds, shore through them, and ground on the bone. The blood leapt out to meet it.

Gregory, thinking to raise his sword, felt it drop from his hand. He stood for a moment staring, while something black came down, blotting out the trees, and filling his eyes. It was a noisy, strange darkness, that weighed heavier than lead. His knees gave way, and he fell sprawling among the leaves beside his sword.

After two days of fever Brother Gregory lay on his back in the cool infirmary and looked from under his eyelids at the little slim pillars bearing up the vaulted roof. If he turned his head he saw the arched window framing the brave green leaves of a briar rose bush.

He turned back again, because his slashed shoulder pained him when he moved it aside, and he shut his eyes, and so lay, smiling a little. A big bee came swinging through the window, bringing all summer with it; it bustled about, then out again. For a second its buzzing could be heard faint and fainter, then it ceased. Brother Gregory meanwhile, still smiling, had slipped off to sleep.

When he awoke it was evening—lovely, golden, translucent evening. He opened his eyes, sighed, then frowned. But the frown faded, the smile returned. He lay now, thinking of that morning, two days ago; and his smile grew wider as he remembered Joseph's blank face when the porter had seen him come in, leaning on Brother Richard's shoulder, his gown and cowl all bloody, and a bloody bandage about his neck. A good fellow, Joseph! Gregory hoped he would find the swords all right. Richard had hidden them in the ditch. Good swords they were. He could feel even now the lovely balance of the one he had used, and his fingers closed on an imaginary hilt.

He sighed, then put the regret aside. Everything was good since they had fought, and since the fever and delirium had tossed him up on a new shore, to begin life again, quite fresh and clean and happy. He thought of Richard: how Richard had tied up his shoulder, and hidden the swords, and helped him back to the Abbey, carrying the scythe, and told most amusing lies about having seen Gregory trip and fall over the stile into Burnt Ash Wood, and gash his shoulder with the blade. Richard was a good fellow, and his friend. Bed was a good place, so was the infirmary, and so, too, the Abbey. He went to sleep again.

The peace of those days was like the quiet of a walled and fruitful garden. There was nothing which was not beautiful to him. The Mass sung in the little chapel made him weep for sheer joy at the beauty and mercy of it; the smell of incense, the tinkling bell, the priest's voice chanting—all these were beautiful. Then, one day, there was rain to listen to, steady, hushing rain; and after that, the sunshine on the new-washed leaves, and the big, trembling, winking, jewel-drops that glowed like stars, and fell. Brother Gregory was happy, and whenever he thought of Richard, and how they were now friends, his happiness warmed to a glow.

About ten days after the fight he came back to the cloister. It was a wet day with a gusty wind that drove the rain into the cloister walks. Brother Gregory, taking his place and his work again, felt a chill. He put it down to the cold, but the chill was in his mind. The bench was hard, it tired him to sit up, and his work seemed useless and remote. He raised his head to look about, and remembered that he had not yet seen Richard. He was cheered suddenly, and leaned aside, craning his neck to see.

There, just as on the day of his arrival, sat Richard, his pale hair sleek upon his head, his back bowed, his long nose almost touching the page. And as before, Gregory could see the little pink tip of his tongue twisted and caught in his teeth. Gregory started back, and panic caught him. That—that was Richard! Till the bell rang for High Mass, Gregory sat, gripping one hand over the other and sweating with fear, while his mind reeled in a dark and noisome place. The dreadful days before the fight in the wood had come back; the peace of the infirmary was a delusion.

The monks rose as the bell rang, and formed their procession. With them went Gregory. In the line of cowls in front of him he could see Richard's, and could not take his eyes from it. Yet, when the file at the church door turned to go up the steps, and Richard looked back, Gregory hastily dropped his eyes. In church, while he knelt and stood and sat, and while his mouth sang, his soul was flat on the pavement before the



The peace of those days was like the quiet of a walled and fruitful garden. There was nothing which was not beautiful to him.

altar, crying and clamouring for help. There was no answer, no ease nor enlightenment, yet still his soul cried because it dare not cease.

Back once more in the cloister, Gregory hid himself away in a corner, afraid for his life, lest in this recreation time Richard of Easingwold should hunt him down. He was thankful when Brother John and Brother Stephen came up and stood in front of him. He was not afraid that Brother John, whose sharp and witty tongue everyone but Brother Stephen feared, would pester him with conversation. They nodded to him, asked him how he did, then left him alone, but Gregory was glad that they did not move away, since he felt safer with them to hide behind.

Besides shelter, they gave him something to look at, while he tried to drive the panic fear of Richard from his mind. He stared at the back of Brother John's head as though it were new to him, at the short, bristled hair, just going grey, and, as Brother John turned to speak to Stephen, at the sour laughter lines that ran down beside his mouth.

As Gregory looked he saw something which made him draw back, flattening himself against the wall. Brother Richard was going by, walking slowly, stooping and thoughtful. As he passed, Gregory could see him blink and twitch the end of his nose, but he did not look round. When he was gone, Gregory stayed still, gazing in a kind of passive despair at the back of Brother John, too hopeless even to move his eyes.

Brother John watched Richard out of sight. Then he pulled at Stephen's arm, and as Stephen turned to look at him, he let his head droop, the end of his nose twitched, and he blinked his eyes. When he had done, he lifted his head and winked at Brother Stephen.

Gregory sat for a minute longer, staring at them, his mouth open in sheer amaze. They laughed—they laughed at Richard of Easingwold. His mind wavered like a kite in the wind, then dived suddenly and came down tumbling, to land with a shock that actually took his breath away, on the solid earth of common sense.

Next moment he was out of the cloister; he passed Joseph with an incoherent word, and, once out of sight among the hazel bushes beside the river, he took to his heels and ran—ran for the joy of it, like an unbroken colt. The rain had left pools of water standing in the hollows of the flat river banks. They shone now in the afternoon sun, and Brother Gregory, charging through them, laughed at the splash that went up, and at the flick of the wet gown against his legs.

When he was out of breath he stopped, panting, but even then he could not be still. He stamped his feet, he drove his heels into the soft, squelching turf, and clapped his hands together.

But, because he was, after all, not merely an animal, this was not enough. He must find words, but for a long time could find none. At last: "He doesn't matter!" he said in a loud whisper, and seemed to be speaking to the clear blue of the sky, and the driven shreds of light cloud that raced before the wind: "He doesn't matter!"

Then, picking up his gown in both hands, with a solemn gaiety, he began, as David did, to dance before the Lord.

THE END.

HINDU GODS AND NATURE MYTH IN INDIAN ART.

(Continued from Page 7.)

THESE objective and esoteric elements in mediæval Hindu painting have passed on into the modern revival, and they give to Indian art the double allurements of emotional intimacy and intellectual profundity. A whole philosophy is frequently limned in a single little picture, but with such pictorial charm that those to whom significance in painting is anathema can have ample joy without so much as a tremor of the inner eye. To the Hindu painter, Radha, the consort of Sri Krishna, is the inner, receptive, conserving aspect, not only of the cosmic soul, but of the individual soul. She is depicted, as in an eighteenth-century Rajput painting, with a blend of celestial aloofness and human charm, each tempering the other.

Not all Hindu pictures, mediæval or modern, are of this order. Some are entirely human, such as "The Garden," an illustration from a manuscript book of travel in North India in the eighteenth century, with its quaint formalism that manages to glow with a delightful life. Another example, "A Royal Salute," probably dating from the late eighteenth century, depicts the ceremonial life at the Court of a Hindu Chief, in a State which is now part of the northern end of the Madras Presidency. This picture is an example of the liberties that the Indian artist has always felt free to take with the supposed normal record of the eye. Its perspective is inside-out, so to speak. The figures in the foreground are painted on the smallest scale; those in the background on the largest. The inversion gives visual gradations of emphasis to the psychological constituents of the picture. Socially the Maharaja, on the State elephant, as may be seen every autumn in Mysore and other Indian States, is the cause and centre of the picture; but in the grammar of the pictorial sentence, royalty is only adjectival to the substantive of the salute. The same psychological perspective is seen in Chinese and Japanese painting.

The modern Indian painters in the Hindu tradition, while not ignoring the more obvious aspects of their art, remain faithful to their fundamental mysticism by infusing significance into their depictions of the external forms and appearances, which at once veil and disclose the Cosmic Life. This significance is sometimes expressed through accepted traditional symbolism, sometimes through a general and obvious code, sometimes through both. These three methods are exemplified in the group of reproductions on the preceding pages, editorially selected to accompany this article.

"Saraswati," by Ranoda Ukil, the youngest of three highly gifted brothers who are working vigorously in Delhi, is an exquisitely

wrought presentation of the consort of Brahma, who is the Hindu personification of the creative Power in the universe. As the *shakti*, or power-producing medium, through which the Creator works, Saraswati is *par excellence* the Culture Goddess. Like other cosmic beings in Hindu art, she has her appropriate *vahana*, or vehicle, the swan, on which she is seated in the picture, which symbolises the creative intuition. Her typical expressional instrument is the *vina*, a stringed instrument of lovely quality; but in her annual festival all implements and records are ceremonially consecrated as hands and feet of the Deity.

"Krishna's Flute," by the same painter, and "The Divine Cowherd," by Ananda Mohan Sastri, a pupil of Promode Chatterjee and Ramendranath Chakravarty, and now working under K. Venkatappa at Mysore, depict two separate aspects of the lore that has gathered about the conception of Sri Krishna as a rebirth of the cosmic god, Vishnu the Preserver. As the celestial flute-player, Krishna animates, allures, and makes joyous all forms of life, as did Orpheus with his lute; as the "Shepherd of Souls" he nourishes and guides them. And in all his activities, as a prankish child or as the teacher of angels and men, his consort Radha is never far away.

In "Lightning and Rain," Sarada Ukil of Delhi gives expression to the largeness and slowness of the lightning and the copiousness of the rain in the Indian monsoon; but he adds the sense of personality in nature which is a perpetual element in the mind of India. Promode Chatterjee, one of the most virile of the Bengal painters, does the same in "Ushas and Varuna"; but his presentation of the God of the Sea, Varuna, making obeisance to the Goddess of the Dawn, Ushas, as she takes over the rulership of the world from departing Night, goes back to early Vedic legend. The symbolism of the picture is therefore both canonical and natural. A natural phenomenon is depicted with a beauty of colour and disposition which at a distance can be enjoyed for its own sake. But behind the common phase of morning move the Powers which arise out of the interaction of the One Life of the Universe with its multitudinous forms and relationships; and deeper still are significances as to rhythms of darkness and light over the depths of the soul of humanity. An Indian canonical picture is therefore simultaneously theological, philosophical, and æsthetical; and since, in the Hindu conception, there is nothing that is merely secular, some proportion of these elements is recognisable to opened eyes in every work of art in which the pure Indian genius expresses itself without intimidation.

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(Continued overleaf.)

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juxtaposition of colours, its apparently naïve but subtly expert composition, its articulate line, its particularity of detail which does not disturb the general effect, its postures and gestures which voice some inner liturgical reality, its delight in folded draperies, its fineness of surface texture; these being but the externals of an art which seeks, through purity of emotion, significance of thought, and consecration of spirit, to fulfil the age-long ideal of Indian art—the providing of objects which will aid the individual the better to do his duty in life through the contemplation of noble beauty, and find liberation from the tyrannies of the lower degrees of life through the evoking, and making dynamic, of his own inherent nobility and beauty.

MURDER DE LUXE.

(Continued from Page viii.)

I thought furiously for a moment. Then I asked: "He wasn't stabbed, was he?"

"I tell you he was run over by a goods-train."

"But mightn't he have been stabbed first and then run over?"

"I daresay, though it seems to be overdoing it," replied Harvey cheerfully. "Anyhow, it says the trunk of the body was terribly mutilated, so it's quite impossible to tell."

Again I remained silent. I was trying to put several things together. The story that Harvey had read out of the newspaper made me regard that strange vision I had had in the middle of the night in a new light altogether. In fact, I didn't any longer regard it as a vision. I believed that I had actually seen the man lying there stabbed to death, with his beard and the bed-clothes spattered with blood. And as for the peculiarity of my own sensations, I believed that it wasn't merely bad whisky I had drunk that night, but drugged whisky. Nothing else could have explained my inability to act. I began then to see a cold, premeditated murder with at least two accomplices, the sleeping-car attendant and the man, Joannides' double, who had impersonated him the following day. But how to explain the rest of the story?

As I groped in the dark, two other incidents came back to my mind. One was the moment when I had dropped my keys, and the false Joannides had so officiously picked them up. I gathered from that that he didn't want me to go groping about under the bunk. The other incident was an occasion on the way up to Assouan when I had seen the car attendant making the beds. In these cars the lower bunk is reversible. When night comes, the attendant merely gives it a pull and then a jerk, and the whole thing turns over on a pivot, revealing on what had been the

underside a valise strapped up with the sheets and blankets inside. In the light of this knowledge, I could well imagine it possible for a body to be strapped up together with the bed-clothes, and then, with a heave and a jerk, all the attendant had to do was to reverse the bed, and lay fresh sheets and blankets on the other side. Supposing this possible, the whole story became as plain as daylight. Joannides is murdered on the way down to Cairo, his double takes his place; and the body is left where no one will find it, strapped up in the valise on the under-side of the bunk. The false Joannides, having forged the necessary documents, returns to Assouan the same evening in the same compartment. And in the middle of the night, with the assistance of the attendant, he takes out the body and throws it on to the line, where further accomplices, who are not difficult to obtain in a country like Egypt, put it in the way of a down-coming train. The story seemed to be complete. It only remained for the false Joannides to shave off his beard and step out at the first station.

All this thought occupied me some time, and Harvey at last commented on my silence. "You seem to be quite depressed about it."

I looked at him for a moment. "There's a reason," I said, and began to explain at length what the reason was. I told him the whole story from beginning to end and my explanation of it. When I had finished, he gave a significant whistle.

"Do you think I'm right?" I asked.

He waited a moment. "I think you're absolutely right," he said. "I don't think there's a shadow of doubt that it all happened exactly as you suggest; and I think that if you go to the police they'll probably run down several of the people implicated. . . . And yet—"

"And yet what?" I asked.

He glanced at the paper. "And yet I think the other story appeals more to my sense of what life ought to be. A life of unspeakable selfishness, repentance, and then suddenly death. It's rather a good story really. Besides, you must remember that, if you go to the police, not only will you cause yourself an immense amount of inconvenience, but you will also be robbing the memory of a dead man of his one good action. Justice, after all, is largely a matter of opinion. Personally, I think that justice in this case has already been done."

That is the story, and that is where it ends. The sleeping-car attendant and the false Joannides are still at large; the charities have been paid the cheques which the latter signed, and the mortgaged peasants are still cultivating their own land. But I don't suppose any of them know to whom they are really indebted for all these mercies.

THE END.

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ROMANCE.—(Continued from page 14.)

The rain was coming down in sheets, and there was a bitter wind. I ran round the side of the house as best I could, with the wind blowing my hair and veil into my eyes, and there was poor Edward, with the rain dripping from his hat-brim and running in streams down his light overcoat.

"'Elizabeth!' he said. 'How could you keep me waiting all this time?'"

"Now, a moment before I had been full of remorse and self-reproach at the thought of poor Edward waiting there in the rain while I slept. But when he spoke like that, almost crossly, my feeling quite changed. When I had thought of eloping I had imagined a clear moonlight night and a romantic meeting under the trees, with myself looking my best in my new bonnet and mantle and Edward overjoyed to see me. My disappointment got the upper hand at once, when Edward greeted me so, and I answered him as crossly as if the rain had been his fault.

"'I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it,' I replied quite shortly. 'Haven't you got an umbrella?'"

"'No, I forgot to bring one,' he replied. And then, taking my arm, he said gently: 'I'm so sorry. But the cab's waiting only a little way down the road, and we shall be inside it in a moment. Hurry, dearest, or you'll get wet.'"

"I was wet already. My bonnet was ruined, and my veil was sticking to my face like wet seaweed. But I clung to his arm and we made our way round the house. Oh, how different it all was from my imaginings! There was a great puddle of water across the path, and Edward stepped in it and splashed me up to the waist.

"'Edward!' I cried. 'Just see what you've done!' For when one is wet and cold, you know, my dear, the slightest thing puts one out of temper.

"'What?' he asked. 'I can't see anything in this cursed rain. I can't keep my eyes open.'"

"'You've ruined my dress!'"

"'I'm sorry,' he said patiently. And at the same moment he tripped against the edge of the rockery. 'Oh, Elizabeth!' he said, and he was in such pain through having struck his toe against a stone that he sounded quite cross with me. 'Confound these silly rockeries!'"

"'I didn't make the rockery,' I said, nearly crying. 'And I can't help the rain.'"

"And suddenly it seemed so dreadful that we should be embarking on our married life in such a way that I stopped and said: 'It's no use, Edward. Don't let's go.'"

"He didn't see that I was crying, and he replied abruptly: 'Oh, nonsense, darling! You can't change your mind now.'"

"But I had changed my mind. 'I'm not coming,' I said, and stood there feeling the wet soaking through my stockings and skirts. He put his arm round my shoulder and said coaxingly, 'Come, Elizabeth; there'll be a nice fire at Lettie's, and you'll forget this horrible journey in no time.'"

"Poor Edward! He meant to cheer me, but in my wretched state it seemed too dreadful that he should call our elopement 'this horrible journey.' I just stood there and cried. He kissed me and tried to comfort me, but his face was so cold, and the rain poured off the brim of his hat on to my neck, and I felt more miserable than ever. And suddenly, above the noise of the rain and wind, we heard a loud knocking on the front door. And that was the end of our elopement."

"Why? Who was it?"

"Why, my dear, it was the cabby. Edward had left him a little way down the street, telling him he would be back in a minute. And when he had waited half-an-hour he naturally became impatient. But not so impatient as my uncle was, called out of bed at that hour in the morning to answer the door. And the cabby became quite abusive, and it was a long time before Edward could persuade him to go away. Then I went up to bed, and Edward went into my uncle's study to have a hot drink. Thank goodness, my aunt had not woken up."

"But, Grandma, wasn't your uncle furious?"

"He was very annoyed, my dear. For, as I discovered, Edward had told him of our plan to elope, and he had sanctioned it, glad to avoid the fuss and expense of a wedding. However, I had had enough of eloping. I wasn't going to attempt it again, even to please my uncle. I went up to bed and cried myself to sleep. But when I woke up in the morning I was able to see the humorous side of the affair. I lay in bed and laughed till I cried. Though, indeed, there was nothing to laugh about, for my poor Edward had caught a chill on the liver that kept him in bed for over a week."

"Well, of course," said Viola thoughtfully, balancing herself on the edge of the fender, "one wouldn't elope in the middle of the night nowadays. One would just stroll out one morning and meet one's love at the Registrar's. But I quite see there wouldn't be any of the old-time thrill about that."

"The fact is," said Grandma, rolling up her crochet-work, "there can't be a proper elopement without disapproving parents. And Reggie is a very eligible young man. My dear, would you mind not standing on the fender? It fidgets me."

THE END.

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DIAMONDS.—[Continued from page 22.]

hurriedly said he wasn't trying to do anything of the sort—in fact, nothing had been further from his mind; in fact, he. . .

"That's all right, then," returned his Highness, mollified, and handed the simpering toad back to the underling, who was now keeping well out of range of his late master. "Now, what's it all about?"

"I can explain easily," said Baran, looking wildly round for an explanation. "You see, I. . ."

It was at this point that his eye fell on Grummilla. "It's like this," he said more easily, "it's all a slight mistake. *This* is your Highness's future wife." And he indicated Grummilla, who instantly smiled and nodded hopefully.

Mushla drew a deep breath, and so far forgot herself as to pat Rumpelstiltskin, who had, during the conversation, attained the chair once more. Her husband was too astonished to do more than cut a large slice off the forehead of his carving, which suddenly gave it a singularly unprepossessing, not to say sinister, appearance.

"Well, well, well," said the Prince, standing back and surveying Grummilla with great interest. "*That's* more like it." He appeared attracted. "What is your name, my dear?"

Grummilla incautiously replied, and a lump of black stone leapt out on to the floor. "Great battle-axes!" cried the Prince, while Baran this time was quite unable to conceal his amazement. He had covered his surprise at Nada's conversational adjuncts fairly well, but now it began to look rather like an epidemic. He passed his hand apprehensively over his own lips to see if he had caught it too.

"Slight indisposition," murmured Mushla, much overcome, trying to smile at the Prince and frown at Grummilla and stare down her husband (who was still absently carving bits off his work with his mouth open), all at the same time.

But the Prince had recovered, and was obviously becoming interested in the girl, though he completely and politely ignored her conversational concomitants. He engaged Grummilla in talk, and she, feeling the worst was now known, and also having a lot of time to make up, talked till the floor was like a beach. Baran, however, who had picked up one or two words (including one which had fallen on his foot, and, as it was the word "incomprehensibilities," had rather hurt), was studying them closely, looking narrowly at Mushla as he did so.

"Of course," said the Prince at last, trying to stem the output of which he was now rather tired. "I quite see your idea, Baran, but you must admit I—I mean, it'd be awfully inconvenient at Court. Think of the carpets! It's neither ornamental nor useful. I'm sorry," he added to Mushla, "but there it is."

Baran, who you have realised by now was a sharp young man, agreed,

and added swiftly: "Of course, that's only to show your Highness the idea."

"What idea?"

"Well," cried Baran, as one working up to his big scene, "what about this?" He flung open the kitchen door, to Mushla's dismay, and brought in Nada. "*Here* is the wife I really intend for you: She possesses the same—er—trait, but in both a useful and ornamental fashion. Just say a few words, my dear," he added anxiously to Nada.

Nada complied, and at her first remark, the Prince, as he afterwards put it, fell in love. Within a few minutes everything was arranged—I said they were quick in those days—and the Royal visitor prepared to depart, having graciously inspected what was left of Mushla's husband's carving, and remarked, somewhat tactlessly, that he had often longed to carve gargoyles himself.

Mushla, however, seemed far from pleased at losing Nada, and her help in the house, and being left with Grummilla. "What about Grummilla?" she said anxiously to Baran. "Didn't you say *you* were looking for a wife?"

"So I was," agreed the young man carelessly, "but not for *myself*."

"But—but . . ."

"Look here, my good woman," whispered Baran, still in the careless take-it-or-leave-it manner of the true business man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you like to give me a good dowry with this girl, I'll marry her myself. There!"

Mushla thought it over. If Nada was going she was quite anxious to get rid of Grummilla, who would make work in the house and not do it. "All right," she said.

"What about the dowry?"

"Get a bag," replied Mushla, quite smartly for her, "and I'll ask Nada to recite 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' to you before she goes. . ."

"No. Something with longer words in it," countered the Vizier's son swiftly.

And that was the end of it. But, as I said, Baran was a very sharp young man. He had realised that diamonds soon ceased to be valuable if they could be made in large sentences. While *coal* was always coal—a fact Mushla and her husband had not realised, for coal was both scarce and valuable in that kingdom, and practically unknown among the lower classes.

So he married Grummilla as soon as possible, and founded the "Baran Fuel Supply Company, Limited," and did very well. Indeed, in hard winters he used to stay out late at nights so as to get told off at length by his wife when he returned, and thus always had large supplies on hand to cope with the increased demand, at favourable prices. [THE END.]

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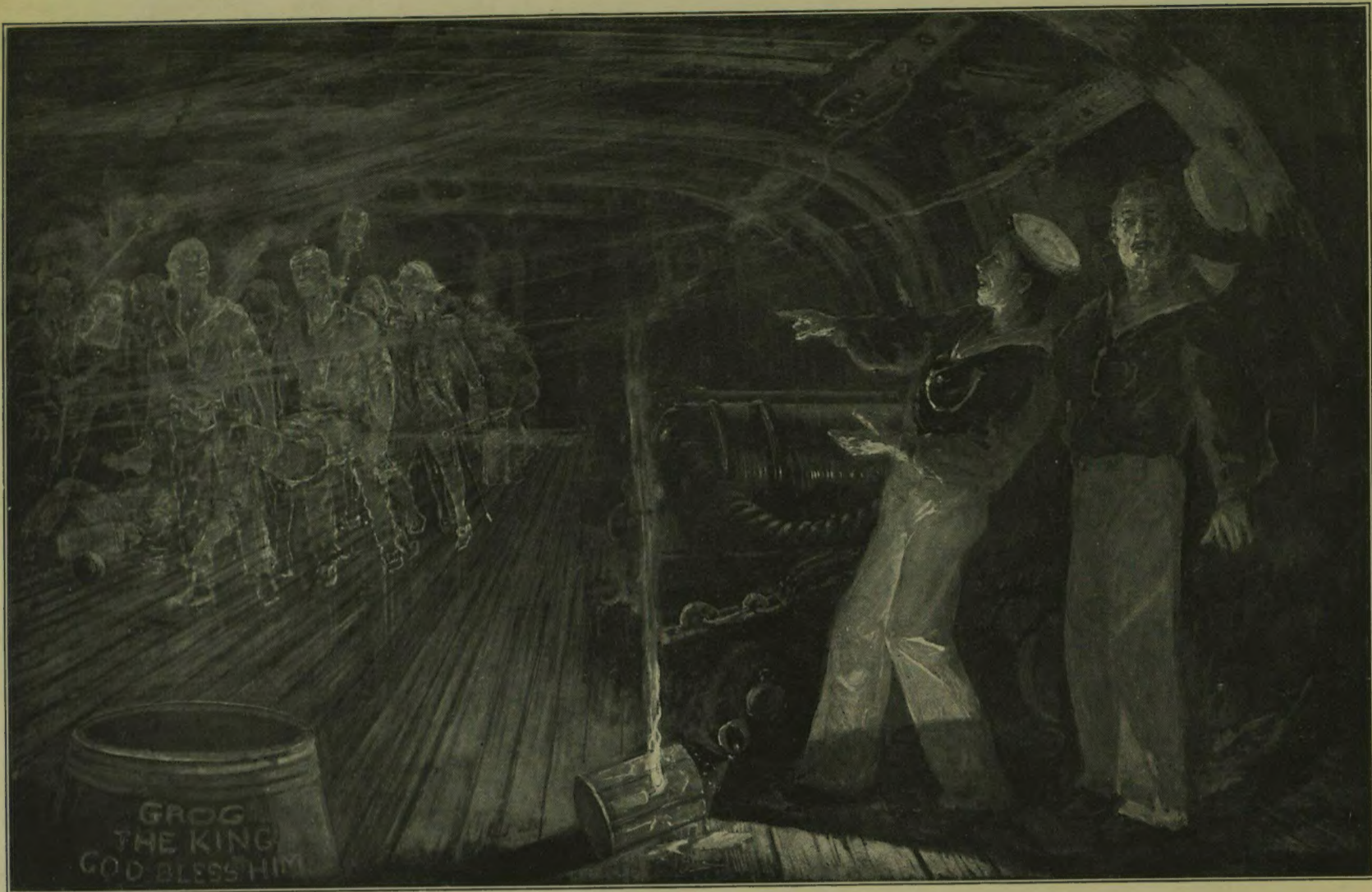
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